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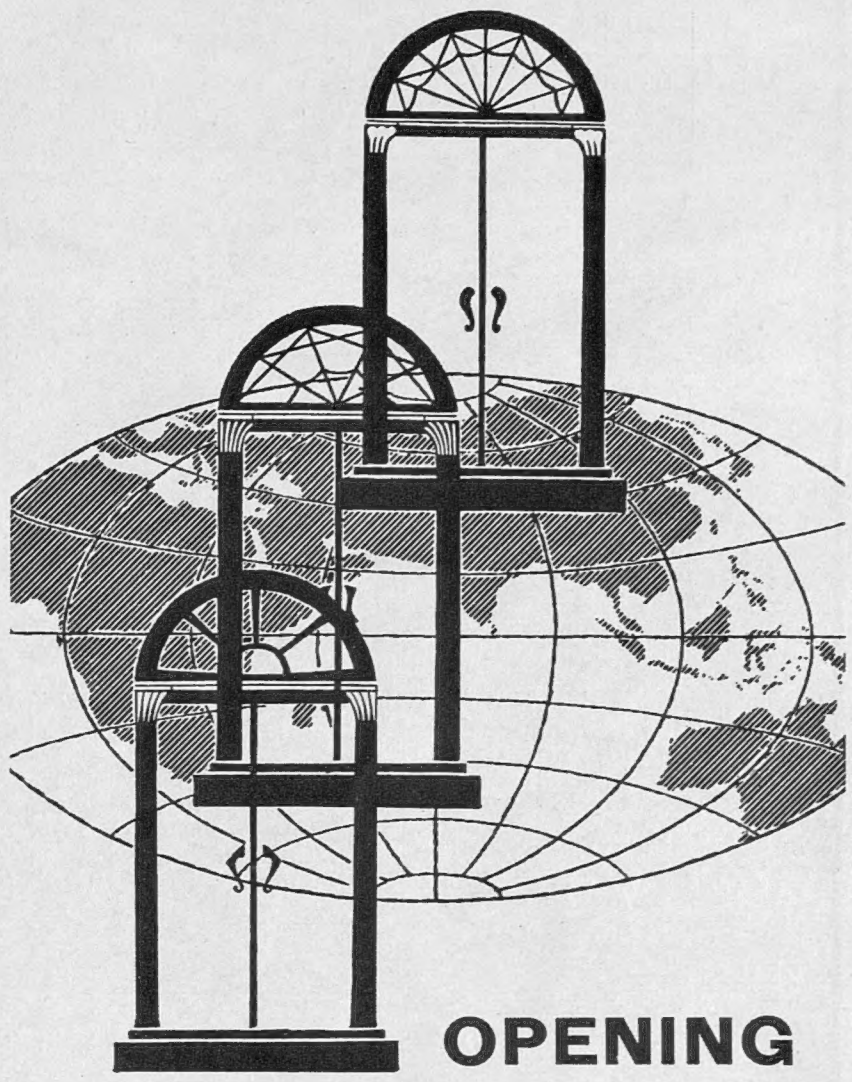

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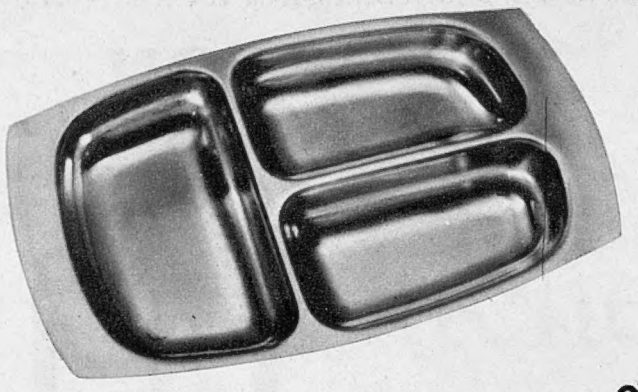

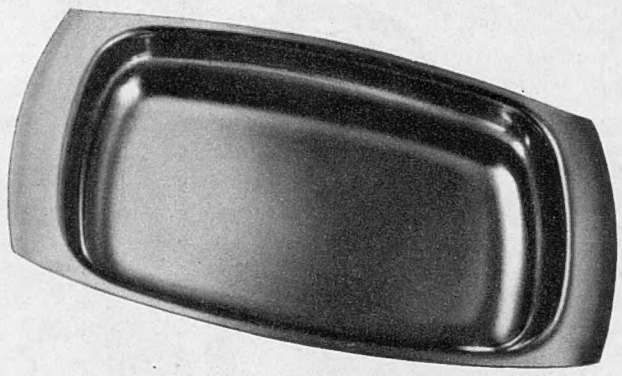

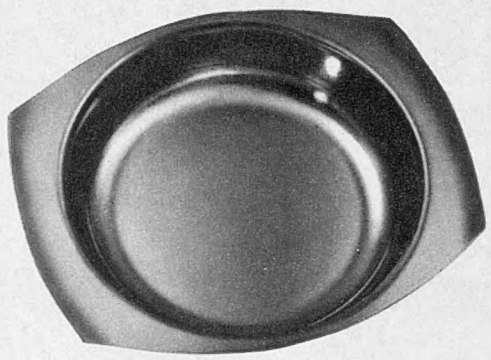

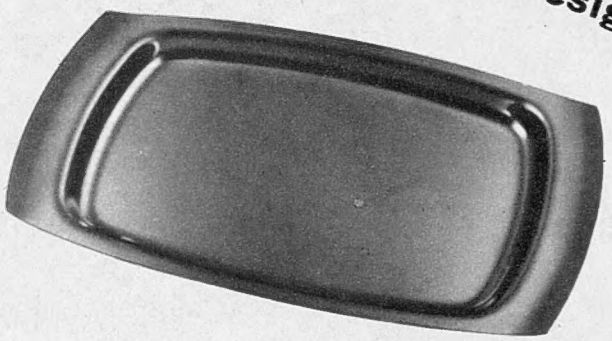

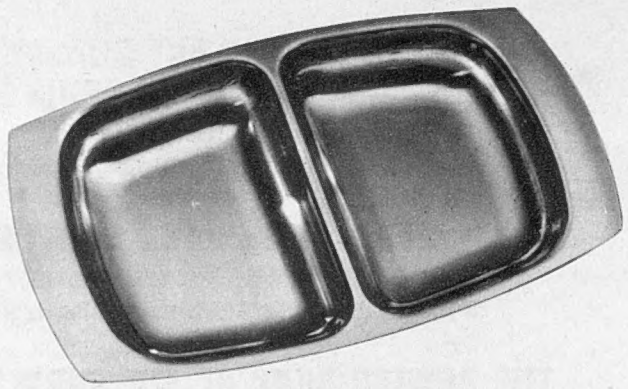

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Volume CCL No. 3248

THE SPHERE

LONDON, September 1, 1962

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BARBED WIRE IN BERLIN

More barbed wire goes up along the Berlin Wall as West German police erect barriers near Checkpoint Charlie to control the demonstrators in West Berlin. Firm action by the police and military police, appeals for order, including one from Herr Brandt, the Chief Burgomaster of West Berlin, and other precautions last week kept down demonstrations. But the angry tension in the divided city remained high. An American ambulance was stationed near the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint in case there were further incidents in which refugees were shot and later an East German ambulance also appeared. But on Thursday of last week a young East German transport policeman was shot and killed as he was crossing the border between the Soviet and French sectors. East Germans fired three bursts from sub-machine guns. Various attempts were made by the Western Powers to reduce tension along the Wall, but appeared to have no success since the Soviet Government abolished the office of the Soviet Commandant in Berlin and an East German, Major-General Poppe, was appointed Commandant

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NEWS SUMMARY

The Space race continued; anti-Common Market moves in Britain; U.N. plan for Katanga; frictions in the Arab League; and the Castro régime under fire in Cuba

INTERNATIONAL

Although last weekend was less eventful in **Berlin** than had been feared, there was little sign in the easing of tension between East and West. Both the U.S. and Russia exploded two nuclear devices—the Russians in the atmosphere and the Americans underground in Nevada. At the **Geneva** Disarmament Conference, the U.S. and British delegates proposed the much-debated partial tests ban (which would cover the atmosphere, space and underwater, but not underground). The Soviet demand for an all-or-nothing ban, without inspection guarantees, had resulted in continued deadlock.

Last Monday it was announced that the U.S. had launched their Mariner II space probe towards Venus. In July an earlier attempt was abandoned after the rocket had to be destroyed when it left its correct course.

Meanwhile in **Brussels,** the fiftieth jubilee conference of the International Law Association found great difficulty in the problems of air and space laws. A committee was set up to study the principles of international law in relation to the exploration and use of outer space.

GREAT BRITAIN

Between 2,000 and 3,000 people attended the " national protest meeting " last Sunday in the Albert Hall, London, arranged by five organisations opposed to Britain's entry into the Common Market. Among those on the platform were two Conservative M.P.s—Mr. Anthony Fell and Mr. Paul Williams, Lord Sandwich (formerly Lord Hinchingbrooke), Mr. Richard Marsh, the Labour backbencher, and Mr. R. W. Briginshaw, General Secretary of Natsopa, one of the printing unions. Part of the resolution adopted by the meeting called upon the Government to use the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference to develop Commonwealth interests.

The Government last week agreed at long last to let the London Transport Executive start work immediately on the Victoria Line, London's first new underground for fifty-five years. Likely to cost in all £65,000,000, the line will run from Victoria to Walthamstow, via Green Park, Oxford Circus and Euston.

AFRICA

In **Leopoldville,** M. Adoula, the Congolese Prime Minister, announced that his government had approved the United Nations plan to deal with the secession of Katanga. This plan, which was put to the U.N. Security Council last week by U Thant, the Acting Secretary-General, proposed a 50-50 split of Katanga's taxes, and the reunification of the armies of the Central Government and Katanga. If these were to fail, the plan provided for economic sanctions and ultimately force to be used against Katangese secession. The plan was given full support by the U.S. Government. Britain supported the first phase but was reported as having doubts about sanctions and force. M. Tshombe, Katanga's President, replied with an offer to hand over " all surplus revenue to the Central Government."

The governing council of the Kenya African National Union, meeting in **Nairobi,** appeared to patch up various rifts in the party by passing a vote of confidence in the leader, Mr. Kenyatta. The rifts have been developing partly on tribal lines (between the Kikuyu and the Luo and Kamba) and partly between personalities. Meanwhile in Northern Province, Somali tribesmen broke up a Kanu meeting at **Isiolo.** Discontent among the Somalis in Kenya over the apparent ignoring of their secession claims has been increasing recently.

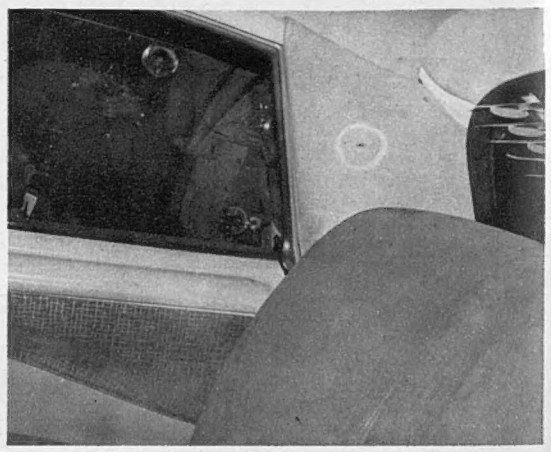
Unsuccessful attempts to assassinate President de Gaulle—in September of last year he leaves his car apparently unmoved after conspirators tried to blow it up with a napalm bomb. **Below:** Last week he survived another ambush by several gunmen, when his car was riddled with ten bullets. One of the bullet holes in the vehicle is ringed

MIDDLE EAST

The quarrel between Syria and Egypt took a further angry turn during the meeting of the Arab League Council in **Beirut.** In an atmosphere of charge and counter-charge between the two former associates of the United Arab Republic (1958-1961) Syria issued warrants for the arrest of three Syrian members of the Egyptian delegation. In spite of the League's known resilience, some commentators were prophesying an imminent break-up.

CUBA

Two small vessels used by a group of exiled Cuban students to shell **Havana** last week were held by the U.S. Coast Guard in Florida Keys. Dr. Castro, the Cuban Prime Minister, blamed the U.S. for the attack, but the State Department denied all prior knowledge. Some sixty shots were fired during the attack, which was reported as being planned by the Student Revolutionary Directorate, based on Miami. (For a picture of Dr. Castro, see page 299.)



TRINIDAD

The Princess Royal left for **Port of Spain** to represent the Queen at Trinidad's independence celebrations on Friday, August 31. Trinidad is the second Caribbean country to achieve independence within the Commonwealth; the first was Jamaica, which became independent on August 6.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN UNDERWATER RENDEZVOUS FOR TWO AMERICAN SUBMARINES AT THE NORTH POLE

The U.S.S. *Skate* (left) and the U.S.S. *Seadragon*, the two submarines which made an "historic rendezvous" beneath the ice pack at the North Pole, are seen after surfacing in the Arctic Ocean by the pole. The announcement of the rendezvous was made by President Kennedy during his weekly news conference last week. The President congratulated all those taking part in this "exceptional technical feat," which was the first time two U.S. submarines had worked together in this way under the Arctic ice-pack

SUPERVISING THE NEW GUINEA TRUCE

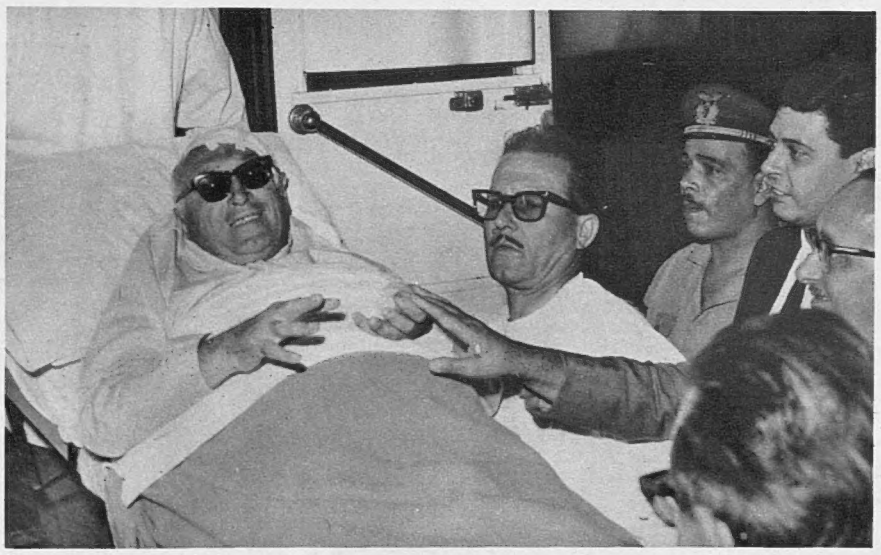
Far left: Brigadier Rikhye (left), Military Adviser to U Thant, the Acting Secretary-General of the U.N., arrives at Sentani Airport near Hollandia, in West New Guinea. Brigadier Rikhye, an Indian, was to ensure the effectiveness of the truce arranged between Dutch and Indonesian troops in the territory, following the agreement between the two countries. This provided for a phased Dutch withdrawal, with U.N. rule from October 1 to May 1, 1963. Pakistan has been asked to provide the force of 1,000 men needed by the U.N. to keep order in the transitional period

DANGERS OF CIVIL STRIFE IN ALGERIA

Mohammed M. Khider (in dark glasses), a leading supporter of M. Ben Bella, and a member of the Politburo, addresses a large crowd in Algiers. Following demonstrations by unemployed in the Algerian capital, the country seemed to be nearing civil war once again. The decision of M. Ben Bella's Politburo to postpone the elections was denounced by the commanders of Willaya 4, Algiers' military region, and Willaya 3, the Kabylie region. M. Ben Bella was believed to be seeking the support of Oran's Willaya 5

SOCIALIST LEADER IN HOSPITAL

Signor Nenni, leader of the Italian Socialist Party, is carried from the ambulance transferring him to a clinic in Rome. Signor Nenni, who is 71, had a serious accident while on holiday. Last week he was reported out of danger



EARTH TREMORS IN SOUTHERN ITALY

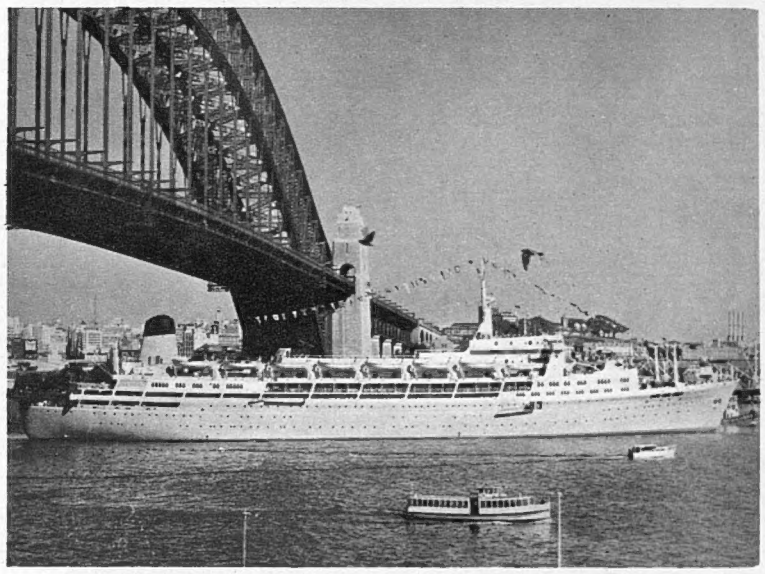
Below: In a square in Naples, Neapolitans rest in deckchairs after spending a night in the open following a series of earth tremors which caused damage in much of Southern Italy. It was reported that 17 people were killed and thousands were made homeless

DANCING THE TWIST IN PROTEST

Below: At the entrance to Montclare Street in Bethnal Green, London, children dance the Twist to prevent motorists using the road, which had been designated as a play area

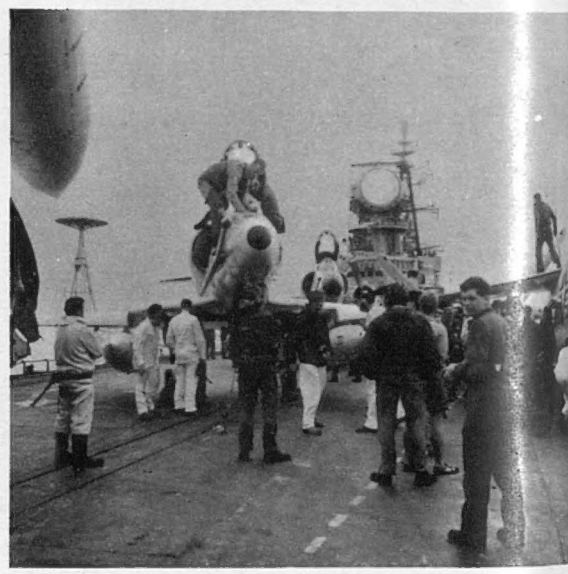
SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL RETURNS TO HYDE PARK GATE

Cigar in mouth, Sir Winston Churchill lifts his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the crowd as he is carried in a wooden chair into his home in Hyde Park Gate, London. A large crowd of well-wishers and photographers was on hand as Sir Winston was taken home by ambulance in the middle of last week. Lady Churchill was in a car in front. He had been in the Middlesex Hospital for fifty-four days after being flown back to Britain when he fell and broke his thigh in his hotel room while in Monte Carlo. A special ground-floor suite has been prepared at Hyde Park Gate for Sir Winston's convalescence



THE *NORTHERN STAR* IN SYDNEY

Below right: The 24,000-ton liner *Northern Star* passes Sydney Bridge as she arrives in the Australian port on her maiden voyage. She was warmly welcomed. The one-class Shaw Savill liner was due to remain in Sydney for a few days longer than scheduled in order to have a fault in her high-pressure turbines rectified



H.M.S. *HERMES* DURING A NATO EXERCISE

Far right: A busy scene on the flight deck of H.M.S. *Hermes*, Britain's most up-to-date aircraft-carrier, as an American pilot climbs out of the cockpit of his Skyhawk aircraft, during the recent Nato exercise in the Atlantic. Ships and aircraft of the United Kingdom, France, the U.S. and Portugal took part in the large-scale, four-day naval strike exercise, "Riptide III"

A view of Harley Street, one of London's best-known eighteenth-century streets. Last week, Sir Keith Joseph, the Minister of Housing, rejected a proposal that 135 of the houses of Harley Street and Wimpole Street should be preserved. He proposed a policy aimed at the redevelopment of the streets as a whole in a way which kept a sense of the architectural unity of the long streets but allowed for up-to-date accommodation. After a public inquiry, the Ministry's inspector had recommended that sixty-four houses should be preserved. The L.C.C. also wanted a preservation order

CONTROVERSY OVER FAMOUS LONDON STREETS

Far right: Smoking debris litters a street of bungalows in Stanton, near Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, after an American Super Sabre jet fighter crashed on the homes. Three bungalows were destroyed and a man painting one of the buildings was killed. The pilot of the fighter landed unhurt by parachute a few miles away. The wife of a U.S.A.F. officer, her son, and three other children, in the bungalows at the time, had a remarkable escape,

A DESOLATE SCENE AFTER A JET FIGHTER CRASH

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A RARELY SEEN OPPONENT OF PRESIDENT DE GAULLE IS EXPELLED FROM ITALY

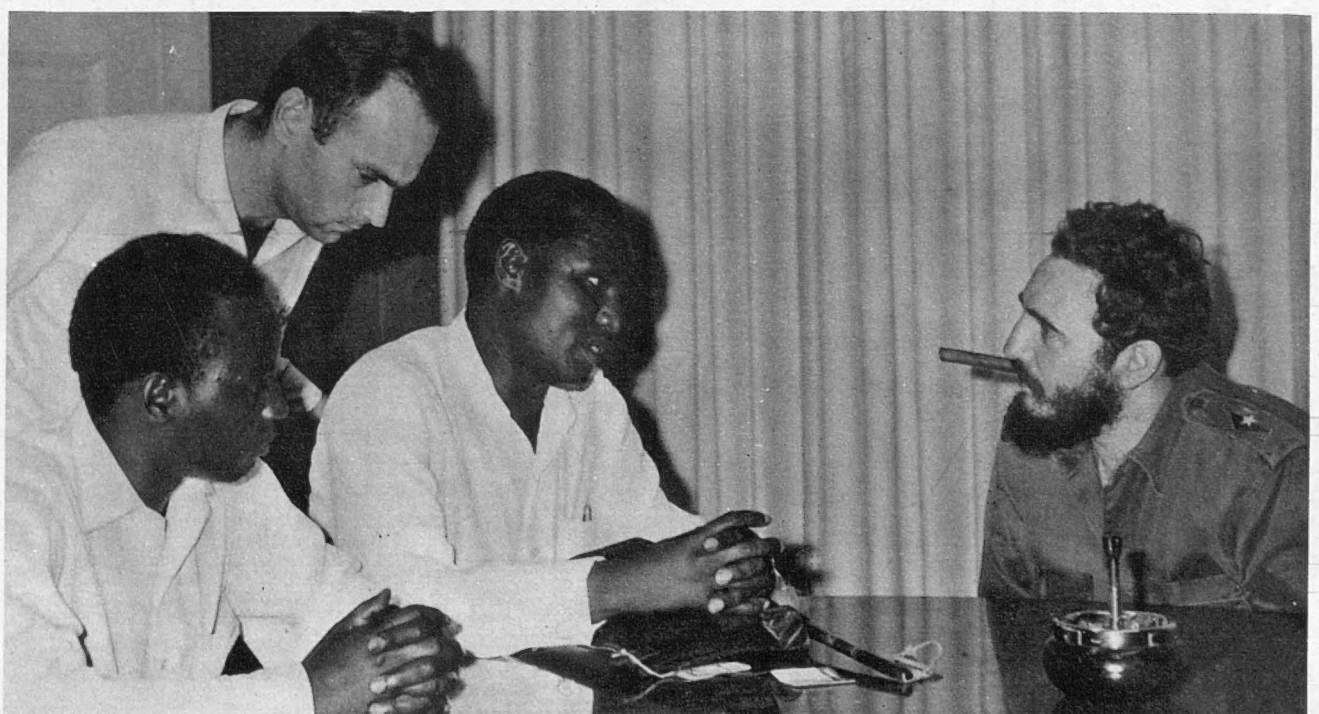
M. Jacques Soustelle, formerly a Governor-General of Algeria, one of the leaders of the Algiers revolt in 1958, and a leading Minister under President de Gaulle until 1960, pauses before entering a police car in Milan, after being arrested by Italian police "as an undesirable foreigner." Soon after he was expelled to the country of his choice, which was reported as being Austria. Some sources suggested that he was to meet in Innsbruck former French Premier M. Bidault, another leader of the Right-wing opposition to President de Gaulle. A leading Gaullist during the war, M. Soustelle left the French Government in February 1960 after disagreeing with the President's Algerian policy. He was expelled from the Gaullist U.N.R., and in April 1961, after the abortive putsch in Algiers, went into exile. Last month he renounced his Legion d'Honneur and resistance medal in protest

MALTA ASKS FOR INDEPENDENCE

Dr. Borg Olivier, Prime Minister of Malta, speaks at a Press conference in London. It was announced last week that his talks with the British Government over the question of financial aid had broken down without agreement. Dr. Olivier said that, in order to be able to turn elsewhere for aid, Malta would be applying for independence within the Commonwealth

A NEW FLAG OFFICER ARRIVES IN ADEN

Far right: The new Flag Officer in Aden, Rear-Admiral J. E. Scotland (in civilian clothes), is greeted on his arrival in Aden by his predecessor, Admiral A. A. Fitzroy Talbot. Left is G.O.C., Middle East Land Forces, Maj.-Gen. J. Robertson. Aden is one of the few remaining British bases beyond the Suez Canal



VISITORS FOR CASTRO

Dr. Castro, Prime Minister of Cuba, confers in Havana with two visiting delegates of the Kenya African National Union. Sympathy for Castro as an anti-colonial leader is strong among sections of opinion in Africa, but it has tended to be put off by Cuba's deep entanglement with the Soviet bloc. Russo-Cuban relations became more problematic after Dr. Castro's denunciation of Communist "sectarians" last March, which was followed by a reshuffle in many leading posts. Last week speculation centred on the arrival in Cuba of fifteen Soviet ships, including five passenger vessels. It was considered in Washington that they did not contain troops, as some Cuban exiles asserted, but arms, and also technicians, who were to help cope with the growing economic deterioration in Cuba

The funeral of Hans-Dieter Wesa, the East German transport policeman killed trying to escape to West Berlin. **Right:** West Berlin police drag away a young demonstrator

BERLIN

Fierce frustration by West Berliners over the Wall resulted in high tension in the divided city. Angry demonstrators stoned Russian and American vehicles; the West Berlin police had great difficulty in controlling crowds besieging the Wall; and the Soviet Union announced they were washing their hands of the whole business and passing it over to East Germany. The temperature first rose over the death of a young East German—Peter Fechter—shot down and left to die by East German border guards on August 17. Six days later, an East German transport policeman—Hans-Dieter Wesa—was also shot down while trying to escape. They were only two of forty similar killings this year. After the buses carrying the Soviet guards to the Soviet War Memorial in the British sector had been repeatedly stoned, the Russians put their troops in armoured vehicles. An East German, Major-General Poppe, was appointed Commandant of East Berlin. The Soviet Ambassador to East Germany refused to accept a protest by the French Ambassador over the brutal killing of Wesa on the French sector border.

Major-General Helmut Poppe

The British Ambassador in Germany, Sir Christopher Steel, talks to Herr Brandt, Chief Burgomaster of West Berlin, during a visit to the city

The U.S. ambulance stationed in Friedrichstrasse

A short memorial service on the spot near the Wall where Peter Fechter was killed

A U.S. military policeman talks to the Russian crew of an armoured vehicle at Checkpoint Charlie. Soviet soldiers in the vehicles carry sub-machine guns

Members of the Soviet guard for the Soviet War Memorial look at the damage to their bus after it was stoned by West Berlin demonstrators

JOHN CONNELL

CITY WITH A WALL

Let us first take a trifling liberty with history. In parenthesis, Lord Wavell began the synopses for some of his most original and inspiring war-games and exercises in the 1930s with these words, which were intended to stir—and did stir—the imaginations of officers and men taking part; and the purpose of this article, in a much more lethargic and self-centred and frivolous epoch, is the same. So, I repeat, let us take a trifling liberty with history. Let us conceive a situation in which, for upward of twenty years, the United Kingdom, instead of Germany, has been occupied by the troops of an alliance which once invaded and conquered her. As happened after the defeat of Germany in 1945, the former allies have long since quarrelled: the once temporary divisions of occupation have hardened into a permanent north-south split, maintained for the political and strategic convenience of the occupying powers. Though at the beginning there were various occupation zones these have for many years been forgotten; there is now simply a dourly held North-South frontier, running along a line extending roughly from Morecambe Bay to Hastings.

The People's Republic of Northern England and Scotland's People's Democracy (which has a status similar to Poland's) are both Soviet satellites. The frontier passes, on a N.W.-S.E. axis, through the middle of London. The Federal Kingdom of the South English—consisting of the ancient " dukedoms " of Wessex, Sussex and Mercia and the Principality of Wales—has become a loyal partner in the Atlantic Alliance formed by the former occupying powers, America, France and Germany. It would be fascinating—but there is no space—to describe in detail the consequences, economic, political, social, psychological and moral, which have flowed from the allies' acceptance of *status quo* imposed by Russian intransigence, suspicion and deceit: the ferocious muddle created by the collectivisation of East Anglian agriculture; the creation and development of the People's Police and the Communist Pioneer Youth Movement; the fact that U.S. Intelligence estimated, as lately as the end of July, that stationed in the area Manchester-Norwich there were 52 Soviet divisions, 30 of which were armoured and equipped with tactical nuclear weapons; and the outflow, over the years, of something like five and a half million refugees from North to South. Those participating in this exercise must imagine many of these for themselves.

It suffices now to say that London (by reason of the honest credulousness of the U.S. Supreme Commander in the closing stages of the long-ago war) was originally occupied completely by the Russians; the other three allies subsequently sent in occupying contingents, which have remained there ever since, equivocal, imperilled and oddly symbolic of an almost forgotten past. The Russians claim, on the flimsiest legal and historical grounds, that London is an integral part of the People's Republic; but two civilisations, two ways of life, have grown up within the divided city.

During last year, in support of their campaign, the Russians (using forced labour from the North and from Scotland) built a huge fortified wall along the former formal dividing line, and linked it up with the frontier at either end, thus sealing off the last effective escape route from north England. There it stands, the grim, heavily guarded wall, from Finchley to Orpington, the constant reminder of the reward of expediency, folly and fear. Where it crosses the Thames, between Westminster and Hungerford Bridges, it becomes a tangle of barbed wire, mined and perpetually raked with fire from both banks and from police launches moored in the stream. The allies accepted it, as they had previously accepted almost every other Russian aggression, while proclaiming vociferously that they would never, never betray the gallant West Londoners. From the Federal capital, Salisbury, the Southern Government issued similar heartening statements, and then got on with making a prosperous country even more prosperous and making its rise in industrial productivity two per cent. higher than that of France.

The world had become accustomed to living with " the London problem." Peripatetic American Congressmen, basing themselves on the New Claridge at Salisbury, would add a visit to the Wall to their itinerary of Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon and Stonehenge; some of the very daring might even go up to the roof of one of the new buildings in Victoria Street and look across West London's prosperity, the Wall itself and the tumble of squalid buildings beyond, to the battered hulk of the old Savoy, and conjure up some nostalgic reminiscences. It was easy—so long as you did not violate North English air-space—to fly a helicopter along the " free " side of the Wall. Some very moving television commentaries, by Mr. Robert Kee and Mr. John Mossman, had thrilled millions, and were indeed preserved in the Atlantic Alliance's AtlantoVision headquarters in New York as historical records.

A fortnight ago, however, the glumly accepted " situation " became a " crisis " of severe and mounting intensity. Four Russian cosmonauts (we are supposing, for the purposes of this exercise), despatched simultaneously from launching pads in Northern Norfolk—a region which the Russians had discovered to be exceptionally suitable for this kind of enterprise—had whizzed round the moon for a week, chatting to one another, sending loyal greetings to Mr. Khrushchev, lulling each other to bye-byes with the Cosmonauts' Marching Song, and with their progress reported again and again on every television receiver in the world; they had then landed, with simultaneity rivalling that of their take-off, within five yards of each other on a salt-pan east of Bokhara.

Sir Bernard Lovell had said firmly that this put the U.S.S.R. fifty years ahead of the U.S.A. in the space race; and Mr. Khrushchev at the subsequent welcoming jamboree in Red Square had spoken for four and a half hours, three of which he spent in pointing out how utterly invincible the Soviet Union now was, and one and a half of which he devoted to a fierce demand for an immediate solution of the London problem. It was intolerable, he said, but the Socialist and peace-loving democracies of the world were not going to be bullied by the warmongers of the imperialist-capital Powers; the members of the Atlantic Alliance had no right to have a single soldier in London, and he demanded the immediate removal of them all. It was no use the imperialists threatening to use violence; the Soviet Union had its answer blackmail. As a temporary concession, he was willing (he said) to see the replacement of the Alliance's formation by " token " U.N. contingents, provided that these came from Ghana, Indonesia, India, Ethiopia and Czechoslovakia.

This speech coincided with the first anniversary of the building of the Wall. Despite the combined pleas of the U.S. Commandant in West London, the Lord Mayor of West London, Mr. Geoffrey Rippon, and the exiled Archbishop of York, that there should be no provocative acts at or near the Wall, the West Londoners took every opportunity of showing their feelings. Several busloads of Russian soldiers, going to and from guard duty at the Soviet Memorial, which was on the site of Apsley House at Hyde Park Corner, were stoned as they drove up and down Constitution Hill. One afternoon the hostility of the crowds, near the long-abandoned Buckingham Palace, was so intense that on the advice of the U.S. Commandant, the Russian old guard remained nearly all night, under the protection of French troops, and at last went away back across the border at two in the morning.

Just before dawn on the next day a seventeen year old student from East London (he was later identified as John Bruce Cornwell of Nottingham and was stated to be a distant relative of a young hero of World War I) made a dash for freedom at the Aldwych Gate. North English guards opened fire on him instantly; he fell, badly wounded, but not dead; any efforts from the West Strand—by police or Allied soldiers—to rescue him met with a hail of fire. He died about noon, and an hour later his body was removed to Westminster Hall to lie in state before burial in the Abbey, alongside the unknown Warrior. The crowds filing into and through the Hall were the greatest ever seen at any lying-in-state. They were orderly and grief-stricken; but only a short distance away, where the Wall crossed the Embankment, big angry mobs gathered, consisting mainly of youngsters of about the dead boy's own age.

The West London police, mustering every man they had, were only just able to prevent, by the use of fire hoses, a mass storming of the Wall, along which East London police and Storm Troop units stood, shoulder to shoulder, with their sub-machine guns at the ready. After two days of extreme tension, following young Cornwell's State funeral, the Russian Commandant in East London announced that, without prejudice to the rights and responsibilities either of the People's Republic of Northern England or of the Soviet Union and for solely humanitarian reasons, he had given orders that Red Cross ambulances might be permitted—despite the obvious criminal activities of saboteurs, terrorists and American spies—within fifty yards of the Wall without fire being opened upon them automatically.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Khrushchev addressed the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet. He announced that he had an historic mission to fulfil—to complete the liberation and re-assert the unity of the heroic people of London who had contributed so much to the fight against Hitlerite terror and Fascism in the 1940s. He gave the imperialists forty-eight hours, he said, in which to withdraw all their forces from West London. In the event of their failure to do so, he would be compelled, in defence of the freedom of the peace-loving people of East London and Northern England, to direct a tactical nuclear attack on certain targets in West London, which would subsequently be named, and a series of strategic attacks on Detroit, Chicago and Toronto.

The Southern English Cabinet is now, at this moment, meeting in the Chapter House at Salisbury. The Sovereign and the Royal Family are not, it is reported, leaving the capital. You (remember this is a war game) are either the Secretary of State for Defence, or the G.O.C.- in-C. Oxford Command. What are your immediate plans? Is this, after all, a war game, or is it a nightmare, edging horribly close to reality?

ON BEACH AND TRACK

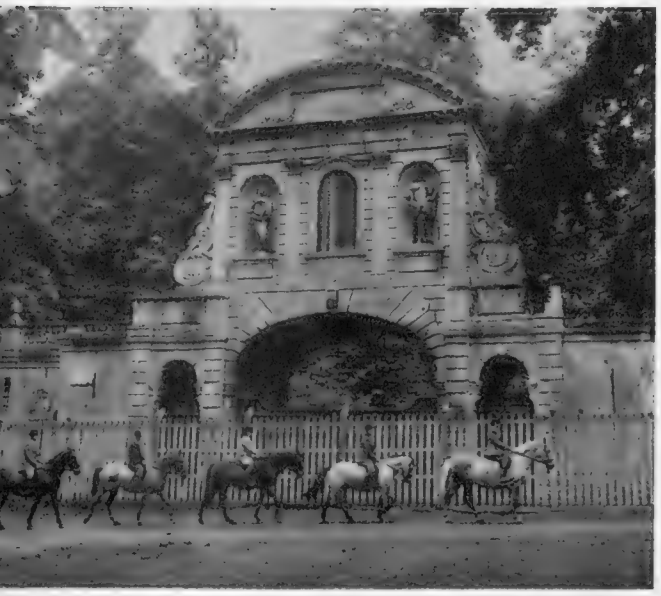
Left: Sand yachts circle at full speed on the sands of Lytham St. Annes on the Lancashire coast. The conservatism of the British towards all types of non-indigenous sport cannot be attributed to Lytham. This seaside resort is generally regarded as the home of sand yachting in Britain, so it was fitting that the first time the International Sand Yacht Regatta and European Championships crossed the Channel Lytham should be chosen as the venue. The broad stretches of sand on that area of the coast make it peculiarly suited to the racing of these exciting, spidery three-wheel craft. The championships and regatta were organised by the active Fylde International Sand Yacht Club. **Below:** The start of the 200-c.c. Karting Class race at the Dutch Grand Prix Races held at Utrecht. This race was won by the Italian driver Pernicotti. Go-Kart racing is another popular sport in the U.S.A. and on the Continent which has not really caught on in Britain

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

THE STARS AND YOU. Whatever of benefit to humanity may " come of it at last," every stage, every experiment, every advance to the objective of putting a man down on the moon will call for courage and endurance which to 99 per cent. of the world's population will still be regarded as super-human, and each such advance will certainly *justify* a " hero's welcome " to the latest astronaut, and all the headlines. But newspapers are concerned to give their readers what those readers want. Looking back into our own lifetime, we recall that we soon got used to the bird-men who struggled across the Channel and to the flyers who crossed the Atlantic. Their glory and their rewards diminished as the feat grew more common. There is only one Atlantic but many planets. How will it be in the space race? Will it be " heroes " welcome and ticker tape still when Mars and Venus are conquered, too? Or shall we, soon enough, grow a little bored with unimaginable heroism and scientific miracles, and revert again to making our heroes out of star footballers and Test Match centurions? There are such an awful lot of stars to be conquered in the space race that astronauts may well look forward to decades of hero-worship, to bunny hugs from Soviet leaders, and dignified laudations from U.S. Presidents. But the British public is apt to digest miracles very quickly and turns back with relief to stars nearer home, from whom they can derive some *national* pride. Pride in global heroism is altruism for us. I don't suppose that football and Test-fever will decline this winter.

TEMPLE BAR. Wren's Temple Bar stood for over 200 years over against the Inns of Court where Fleet Street melts into the Strand. In 1878 it was moved to Theobald's Park, Herts., and was later replaced by the ugly Victorian monument which thereafter blocked a busy thoroughfare and was at all times expendable. There may be a good case for showing that old monument, which displayed the heads of traitors in Dr. Johnson's day, to better advantage at Theobald's; there seems no sound reason for spending £30,000 to move it to a site under St. Paul's, which is no more appropriate than Theobald's Park. It was *Temple* Bar. The Fine Arts Commission, which opposed removal in 1952, has now changed its mind and gives its blessing to the idea of a St. Paul's site which the City Corporation and the Dean and Chapter favour. Is this journey really necessary? I doubt it. There is something at once pathetic and inconsistent in our treatment of ancient monuments. If they interfere with progress or better business, off with their heads ! If they can draw still the tourists, and the cash, bring back their corpses to a suitable site. Some wax effigies of eighteenth-century traitors' heads might add to the attraction in the precincts of St. Paul's. But Wren was not thinking of St. Paul's when he created the Bar.



The Temple Bar Gateway, now in Theobald's Park, Herts.

Competitors in the Babbacombe Regatta carry their sailing boats through holiday crowds on Oddicombe Beach, near Torq

DRINK AND THE DEVIL. The Prison Commissioners' reports have been dismal reading for years. The only gleams of hope in the latest of them are the big increase in detention centres and improved recruitment of prison staff. Magistrates must welcome the former. But still the lack of these, of remand homes and Borstals, stultify one main objective of the Act of 1948, *to eliminate short prison sentences for young offenders.* For years to come, prison cells designed for one will hold three with all the contamination that implies. Already, despite a really important increase in building, the very sites are hard to come by, let alone up-to-date blue-prints of the types of building required for a variety of offenders, young and old. It seems clear that prison congestion is piled up from below. It is juvenile delinquency which is the overriding problem, and there is little sign that it is abating. The cost of meeting the emergency is fabulous. A small detention centre may cost £120,000 to build alone. To maintain it, an Eton education would be economical by comparison. A very big proportion of juvenile delinquency is in this year's report charged to " drink and the devil." The means to drink are available to boys and girls, and those who come from homes and surroundings where no moral and no religious standards whatever are inculcated or practised, soon drink themselves into crime. In an affluent society it is all too easy; as easy as in the days when gin was cheap, and when a highly truculent and individualistic nation interpreted its cherished freedoms to include freedom to go to the devil in one's own way. Sometimes one feels that modern Government is no more paternal than it was in those bad old days. Otherwise, perhaps, it would take draconian steps to check the evil at the source and not cope with it at the flood.

SHOOT ! Another shooting season has begun, to remind us that any form of gun is a potentially dangerous weapon. In expert hands, it can kill game and vermin. In inexpert hands it constantly kills or maims human beings and domestic animals. A car is generally accepted today as a dangerous instrument on the roads and some efforts are

Over 300 ft. above the River Clyde, a linesman is in course of fitting spacers between the aluminium conductors of a 275kV power line. To do so, he rides in a trolley which runs along the conductors themselves. The construction of the supergrid on 370-ft.-high towers is being carried out for the South of Scotland Electricity Board by Associated Electrical Industries' Construction (Cables and Lines) Division

made by the authorities to provide a test for those who wish to handle them. But the years pass and gun accidents multiply, and still no sense of urgency impels the Home Office to control the use of fire-arms in inexpert hands. I wonder how many men today who own shotguns take out even a 10s. gun licence, let alone a game licence. I wonder still more why—despite recent efforts at control—the deadly precision of air guns and pistols continually improves and why these weapons are still advertised and available to totally untrained teenagers, without causing any noticeable anxiety to the Home Office or to the police. When I remember in my youth the rigours of the six months' apprenticeship with dummy cartridges before I was allowed to walk out with live rounds, I can only assume that two world wars and an affluent Society have so enlarged our freedoms as to include the citizen's right at any age to kill and maim any living thing that takes his fancy, including himself. Some members of our Government are old enough—and devoted enough to shooting—to know the risks of shotguns in careless hands, not least on grouse moors.

RIPE FOR DEVELOPMENT. While the "lunanauts" stop to gossip in space and already create a traffic problem along the high road to the moon, there remains still a small body of earth-bound reactionaries who concern themselves with the desecration of the earth. The scheme drawn up by Hampshire County Council, at the request of Christchurch Borough Council, "envisages" the redevelopment of many acres of land between Mudeford and Stanpit into a "miniature Manhattan." The scheme might ultimately increase the residential density from nine per acre to thirty. Five hundred houses and flats would be built. Shops, car parks, peepshows and a Corniche road would be part of the scheme. Clearly the whole coastline from Lymington to Sandbank is regarded as overripe for development, and Christchurch Borough Council would gain a bumper harvest in revenue. Ripeness is all. It is the increase in density of population which is far more serious. Already the beaches can hold no more, and from the Forest boundary to the sea, it is already a sprawling suburbia. How can I contribute to the opposition's case? From the Shelley monument in the twelfth-century minster, perhaps. He is lucky. He has out-soared more than the shadows, envy and calumny. He has escaped the world's slow stain and "that unrest which men miscall delight," which also brings in the dollars. If the Councils of Hampshire were planning for Hampshire families, their case would be stronger. But largely they plan for families from elsewhere who retire to the soft south, and, soon growing bored with a congested beach, invade the New Forest to dump their Sunday newspapers, bottles, tins and surplus luncheons. The Forest in August is already a slum. What will it be five years hence?

THE OLD STAGER

Carol Newton, aged eight, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. R. L. Newton, of Skillington, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, winner of the *Farm and Country* Cup, awarded for the best performance by the child of a farmer in the Holiday Pony Classes at the Ponies of Britain Show, held at Peterborough on August 17 and 18. It was the second year running that Carol Newton and her pony, Tommie, had won the *Farm and Country* Cup

ENTERTAINMENT

A HANDFUL OF SUCCESSES

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST: In the Open-Air Theatre production in Regent's Park are Don Armado (Peter Whitbread) and Moth (Roger May)

Boyet (John Warner) with Rosaline (Jill Dixon); Princess (Mary Steele); Maria (Mia Anderson) and Katherine (Dona Martyn). **Right:** Rosaline and Berowne (Bernard Lloyd)

Nobody would claim we have had the best of London theatre seasons—some people indeed would go so far as to say it had been terrible. It has been difficult to keep track of productions appearing and disappearing in the West End like will-o'-the-wisps. Old favourites have stayed on and there have been one or two healthy-looking new-comers. One of the most cheering features has been the high standard and success of the Open-Air Theatre in Regent's Park despite the lack of a summer. Latest play to open in this delightful setting is *Love's Labour's Lost*, in an elegant, beautifully-dressed and intelligently acted production. At least in this early Shakespeare comedy, it does not matter much if the odd summer breeze carries away some of the words into inaudibility. A number of the lines are heavy on the ear anyway.

Against all the tested canons of the West End theatre, Peter Shaffer's Double Bill—*The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye*—has turned out to be a huge success at the Globe. Two one-act plays, with small casts, have very rarely gone down well in London, but the author's sense of the entertaining, and brilliant acting, particularly by Maggie Smith and Kenneth Williams, have pulled off the trick. And there is still time to see and hear the Hot Gospel singers of *Black Nativity* at the Criterion before the end of their short season. Extra performances are being given. **J. W.**

Photographs by Anthony Crickmay

BLACK NATIVITY: Marion Williams and the Stars of Faith

THE PRIVATE EAR: In one half of the Peter Shaffer Double Bill are Bob (Terry Scully) and **right:** Bob; Doreen (Maggie Smith) and Ted (Douglas Livingstone)

Mr. Nehru, Prime Minister of India, arrives at Red Fort in New Delhi, with Mr. Krishna Menon, Defence Minister, close behind, for the celebrations of the fifteenth anniversary of India's independence on August 15

Dr. Michael Okpara, Premier of the Eastern Region of Nigeria, and President of the National Convention of Nigerian Citizens' Party, waves his fan on arrival at London Airport on a short visit

Below: The Timi of Ede from Nigeria looks at a Yoruba mask in an exhibition of African art in Salisbury in S. Rhodesia. The Timi was in Salisbury for the First Congress of African Culture (South of the Sahara)

THE VOICE OF

CANADA

The Trans-Canada Highway to be opened by Mr. Diefenbaker next week

In the 1880s Canada was first crossed by a Trans-Continental railroad. On September 3 this year the new highway is to be formally opened, stretching 5,000 miles from St. John's in Newfoundland to Victoria in British Columbia. The last link, at Rogers Pass in Glacier National Park high in the Rocky Mountains, will be opened to traffic on that date after the Prime Minister, Mr. Diefenbaker, has officially cut the tape.

Stretched along the highway are over 550 bridge crossings, spanning quiet rural streams, fast flowing main rivers, and cascading mountain torrents. At frequent intervals picnic sites, camping grounds and motels offer relaxation and comfort to the motorist. The road is a uniform minimum 22 to 24 feet wide with 10 foot shoulders when economically feasible. There are no tolls, grades are gradual and curves are designed to afford the motorist a clear view, at all times, for at least 200 yards ahead.

The Trans-Canada Highway can be joined close to the border of the U.S.A. right across Canada. Motorists from the Chicago area can do so via Sault Ste. Marie at the north end of Lake Michigan, or via southern Ontario roads from Detroit or Port Huron, Michigan. For those heading west there is another entrance to Canada via Duluth, Minnesota, to Port Arthur and Fort William, Ontario.

THE COMMONWEALTH

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

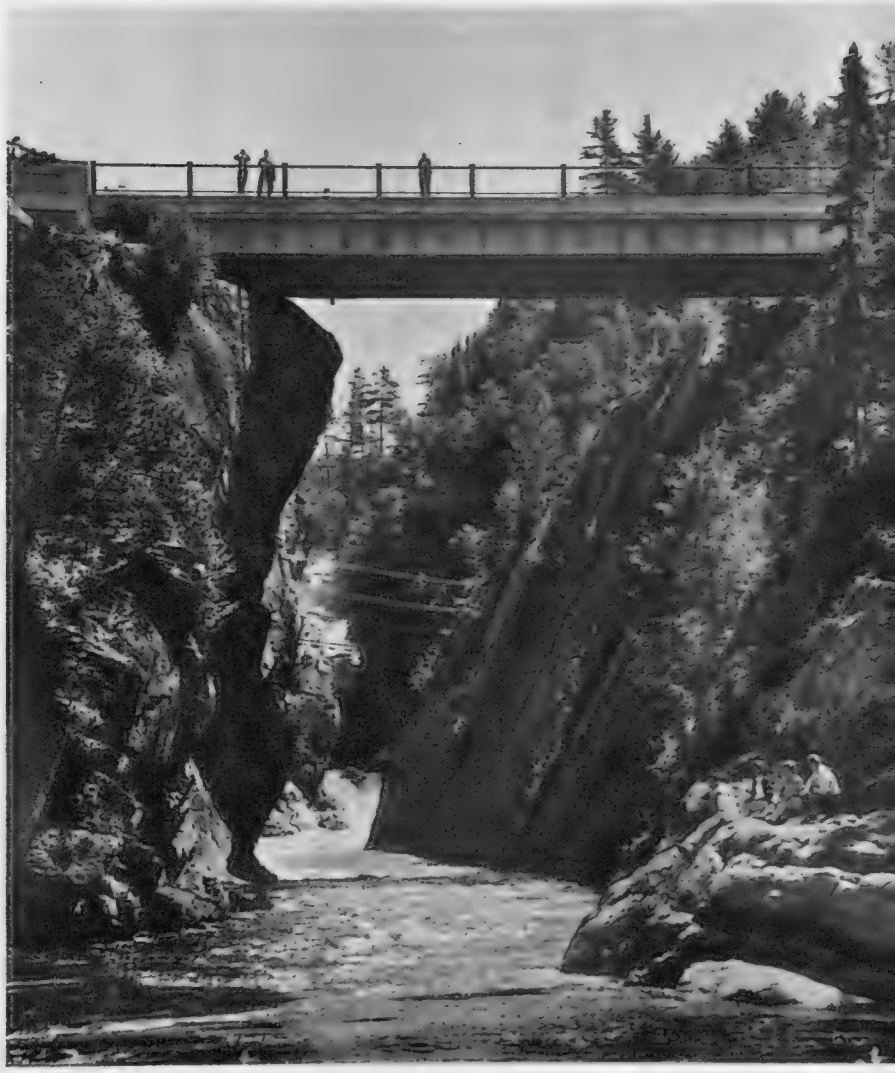
The highway begins in the east at St. John's, Newfoundland. It is the first paved road across the island province, cutting through virgin forest area and fine salmon fishing country to Port-aux-Basques on the south-western coast, where car ferries cross Cabot Strait in six and a half hours to North Sydney, Nova Scotia. Passing through numerous fishing villages on Cape Breton Island, the highway runs by way of the Canso Strait Causeway to Pictou. After touching a number of small towns where Scottish settlers have left their imprint, the road reaches Amherst, and crosses into New Brunswick province at Sackville.

Where the highway connects with New Brunswick Province, a branch goes to Cape Tormentine. Here a short ferry service goes across Northumberland Strait to Canada's smallest province, Prince Edward Island. A section of the national road has been built through the rural province which is noted for its golf courses and fine beaches. In New Brunswick the road goes via the industrial city of Moncton to the capital city of Fredericton with its historic buildings and its Beaverbrook Art Gallery. Then passing northwards along the St. John River, close to the border of the U.S. State of Maine, the road enters the province of Quebec.

It meets the St. Lawrence estuary at Rivière-du-Loup and continues south-westward along the south bank of the international waterway to Levis across the river from the historic city of Quebec, the ancient stronghold of French Canada, scene of the decisive action which lost Canada to France just over 200 years ago. Still moving westward the road leaves the St. Lawrence to return to the river at the great seaport and commercial centre of Montreal, the largest city in Canada. Just west of Montreal the highway markers show entry into Ontario province, known as "The Empire Province," and the road follows the banks of the River Ottawa to Canada's capital city.

(Continued on following pages)

"Wawa," an Indian name for goose, inspired this monument on the Highway

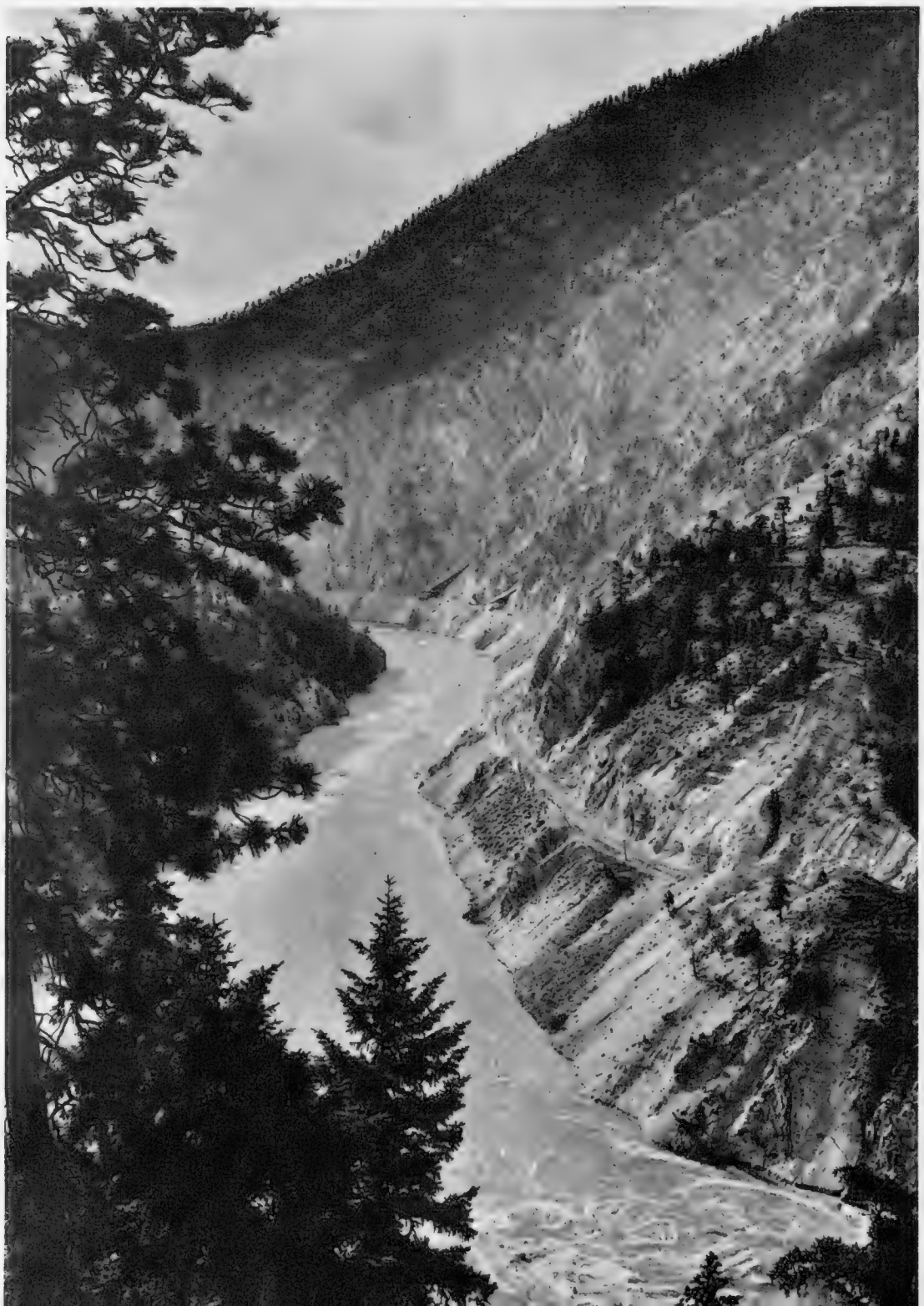


The Trans-Canada Highway crosses the Montreal River north of Lake Superior in Ontario. **Left:** Crossing the St. John River at Fredericton in New Brunswick

The city of St. John's in Newfoundland, the eastern limit of the Trans-Canada Highway

Stark sun and shadow on the highway near Nipigon in Ontario

TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY



Grain elevators and wheat fields at Indian Head, on the Saskatche

Above: The clover-leaf interchange at Calgary, Alberta. **Left:** T

By Bow River in Banff National Park, Alberta. In the background is Mount Eisenhower

ection of t highway

ad runs along the side of the Fraser Canyon in British Columbia

(*Continued from page 309*)

Beyond Ottawa is the resort area, a region of thousands of lakes and rivers where summer cottages and camps abound all the way to Parry Sound on Georgian Bay (a part of Lake Huron). From Sault Ste. Marie, where the international locks carry heavy ship traffic between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, the road passes along the north shore of Lake Superior to Wawa, where the last link of the Lake Superior section of the Trans-Canada Highway was opened in September 1960.

Leaving the lake at Fort William the highway continues for almost 1,500 miles straight westward across Ontario's lakeland and the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The road touches many of the major cities of the area, including Winnipeg, Moose Jaw and Calgary, where the Rocky Mountains begin.

Here the Trans-Canada Highway enters its most spectacular stage, touching on some of Canada's fine national parks, including Kootenay, Yoho, Mount Revelstoke and Glacier, where next Monday's ceremony will be performed. These are all in the province of British Columbia, where the highway ends after descending from the Rockies to the Pacific port of Vancouver. The last stage of the highway is on Vancouver Island, reached by ferry, and the road ends at Victoria, sometimes known as " a bit of old England."

Postscript: On August 1 a motor cavalcade of cars, representing every province, left St. John's to proceed along the Highway to Victoria and return to Rogers Pass in time for the opening, holding appropriate ceremonies in each province.

The Provincial Legislative Building in Victoria, on Vancouver Island, the western end of the highway

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

STOPPING OFF IN NORTHUMBERLAND

As I crossed the border from Scotland into England, the thing that struck me most forcibly was the absence of gulls. Wherever I went in Scotland, no matter how lonely the road, there was the black-headed gull. Stop for a minute on any Highland road, on any unfrequented track, and there, within a moment or two, would be one or more black-headed gulls. Moreover, they gather along the lay-bys on the main trunk roads; especially north of Perth. I should be prepared to doubt if there is a single lay-by on A.9 north of Perth without its attendant squad of black-headed gulls perched on the fence, waiting patiently for the next lorry, the next caravan, the next half-eaten sandwich.

At one lay-by near Kingussie I counted eight perched gulls: there were just eight posts available. At another, on A.84, near Lochearnhead, there were twelve posts available: each supported its resident gull. The black-headed gull in Scotland is well-organised, disciplined, prepared to take full advantage of the tourist season. But cross the border into Northumberland and there is not a gull. It is sufficient commentary on the attraction of Northumberland for the tourist.

It must be admitted that inland-Northumberland does not make any noticeable effort to cater for tourists. But at the root of the neglect of Northumberland, inland at any rate, by the tourist is the firm conviction of the vast majority of Englishmen that you have got to get into Scotland, and north of Stirling at that, to find really wild country. Few Southerners seem to know that the sea-coast north of Coquet Island is as fine and romantic as any in the country. It is this conviction which forces them to rush through country wilder and (I should guess) less populated than any part of the Highlands, with the exception of Sutherland: certainly less populated than any part of the Highlands, including Sutherland, in summer. It is this conviction which forces them to rush through one of the most beautiful stretches of fell and moorland scenery in the British Isles; the triangle running from the Durham moors through the west side of Northumberland and then round by the Tweed to Berwick.

" Here," wrote Defoe, " is abundant business for the antiquary. Every place shows you ruined castles, Roman altars, inscriptions, monuments of battles, of heroes killed and the like." Maybe that is not quite true today. But it would be true to say that no part of Britain has changed so little during the course of the centuries since the Romans left. There are no large towns—Hexham, the largest town outside the coal belt, has a population of only 9,000 or so—and there are very few large villages: and the smaller villages and hamlets are often a considerable distance apart. Even the main roads are unspoiled.

Cross the border at Carter Bar and keep to the main road to Newcastle: between Jedburgh and Ponteland (which is virtually Newcastle), a distance of some fifty miles, you will pass one village, Otterburn. If you keep to A.68, which follows the course of Dere Street (the old Roman road) and which was the route I took, you do not pass a single village, and indeed only one group of houses that deserves the title of hamlet, between Elishaw (itself little more than a name), where you leave the main Newcastle road, and Corbridge, some 23 miles farther on.

So far as I can recall and I have an educated eye for them there is only one pub on this stretch of road and I can remember seeing only one petrol pump. This is an A road, remember, and this was a fine, if chilly, Sunday in the height of summer: I passed only two cars. Get off the main road in those parts and you have the world to yourself.

So I had a surprise when I got to Blanchland. I was last in Blanchland thirty-six years ago. Then there was not, I think, a regular bus service; if there was a bus service at all. Then the inn was not managed by a famous brewery and made no pretence to be more than a village inn though it was, I remember, comfortable and most hospitable: then you did not have to bother about booking a room on a Sunday even in the height of summer. Of course, I had realised that things would not be the same and I had (fortunately) taken the precaution of booking. There must have been at least a dozen cars in the square when I arrived.

Blanchland is one of Northumberland's show places and it is certainly very picturesque. But it is right off the beaten track, buried deep in the moors, and, if you do not fish (there is good fishing in the Derwent) or enjoy moorland walking, there is absolutely nothing to do there and, once you have seen the church and the square, nothing more to see.

The church has some massive thirteenth-century stonework in what was the north transept of the old Abbey church and some fragments of medieval glass. There are also fragments in a window of the adjoining inn, itself a most interesting building with a fascinating bar. And in the churchyard is the only undamaged churchyard cross in the county. But that is really all. Picturesque certainly: but on a minute scale, to be seen in an hour or two. I should classify Blanchland as good excursion, good Women's Institute-outing, country.

But there were those cars. I found to my astonishment that they were American, owned or hired. And there were the owners: horn-rims, crew cuts, Japanese cameras, the lot. All thrilled to bits. I gathered in conversation that the Lord Crewe is a " must " for those Americans who would see a really old English pub, that Blanchland is listed in our tourist advertising as an outstanding example of a beautiful medieval village. One elderly couple were ecstatic about it all: the food, which was exceptionally good, much better than one would normally get in a four-star hotel in a big town, the bar and the village. Shooting film at a footage that would have caused apoplexy in an English film-magnate, he said: " To think that all this has been here for seven hundred years. They sure did know how to build."

Blanchland is a most beautiful village. And it is certainly medieval in plan. But the battlemented and semi-fortified appearance is due, I believe, to the Crewe trustees. At any rate, the village was largely rebuilt in the eighteenth century. I did not like to disillusion him. Thirteenth century or eighteenth century, this is the England that should be seen.

The picturesque showplace village of Blanchland, in Northumberland, photographed from the air by Aerofilms

Stella class yachts racing in a stiff breeze at Burnham-on-Crouch

Fireflies taking part in one of the events of last year's Firefly Week

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Gorleston is a new location to be tried for the first time for Firefly Week which starts this Saturday under the burgee of the Yarmouth and Gorleston Sailing Club. Even though entries are now limited to 200 boats, such a large fleet of dinghies puts race officers and organisers very much on their mettle. This class are pioneers in the use of the so-called " gate start," which they have applied successfully in the two last championship weeks. It took some courage to introduce it for the first time at Herne Bay in 1960, and again at Falmouth last year. The general consensus of opinion was that it was a considerable success, especially when tidal conditions are fair and there is a steady wind.

Invented by P. V. MacKinnon in 1957, the gate start ensures a fair chance at the start, especially when large numbers are racing. Briefly, it means that a chosen boat, the " pathfinder," is sent off at a windward start, on the port tack, and any boat can start behind it. This means that even the boat which joins the queue say five minutes later than the first one is no worse off. Obviously it is essential that the start should be to windward, and that neither tidal currents nor fluky winds give unfair advantage to any of the boats. To avoid any boat following too close on the heels of the pathfinder, a launch is interposed, and after a predetermined interval, five minutes or more, the gate is " closed." The pathfinder has to gybe round the launch and then is allowed to race normally.

This system will again be used for all the points races, but a conventional start is to be made on Wednesday, in the race for the Sir Ralph Gore Cup. The number of starters in this race will, however, be limited to fifty or sixty, the selection to be based on placings in the points races on the preceding days.

To assist the organisers at Gorleston, Barrie Smith, of the Herne Bay S.C., who took part in the first experiment with the " gate start," and is regarded as an expert, is going to Norfolk for Firefly Week and will take charge as Officer of the Day. Although the Gorleston club do not race Fireflies, its Commodore, A. P. Scarborough, is a great enthusiast and owns one.

Competition is expected to be keen as always on this occasion. Graham Taylor, who is crewed by his wife, of the Imperial College S.C., holder of the Sir Ralph Gore Cup, and Bill Letten, of the Wembley Sailing Club, last year's winner of the Sir Richard Fairey Points Cup, are both going to defend their titles. Others likely to be among the prize-winners are John Conway Jones, Nick Hodshon, of Medway S.C., winner of his class in the recent Tideway Race, and Patrick Goodison, winner of the Itchenor Burgee.

The seasonal yachting festival of Burnham Week, which also starts this Saturday, is going to be even more popular than usual. Entries are well up to standard with over 300 vessels to race for a week in twenty-six separate classes. As an addition to the usual cruiser classes a new one, to be called the " D " Class, is introduced for the first time this year.

This is open to bona fide single-hulled cruising yachts which are unrated, and have a waterline length of less than 20 ft. It opens the door for many of the reasonably priced small cruisers which have become numerous on the Crouch in recent years. They will be given their own handicaps for Burnham Week.

Heavy entries are expected to race in the Dragon class, which has grown to twenty. About the same number is expected in the Stella cruiser class, and Shearwater catamarans.

TRAVEL

MATERA—THE IGNORED PROVINCE

By **GORDON COOPER**

Some months ago I realised that having visited almost every part of Italy there was still an omission: the province of Matera. It has, in fact, been ignored in every guidebook, except for a brief reference in Muirhead's "Southern Italy." Also, in that fine film *Rocco and His Brothers* it was stated that the family had escaped from the poverty of Matera to come to Milan in search of a better life. Access is not difficult, for Matera, capital of the province, is linked by branch railway from Bari, also by bus, while Metaponto, on the coast, lies on the main line between Reggio Calabria, Taranto and Brindisi. My own approach was by air from Rome to Brindisi (by Alitalia), then by train to the curiously situated but rather dull port of Taranto, whence an hour's journey by bus brought me to Matera.

Matera province lies in that marvellous world of Magna Graecia, where the Greeks established their great cities, of which only fragments remain today. A long series of wars, however, ruined these cities beyond revival. Their population was decimated, the rivers silted up, the land went out of cultivation, malaria appeared, and the whole littoral became pestilent. This condition continued through the centuries, until recently the Italian Parliament, stirred by the poverty-stricken conditions, took in hand important improvements, including irrigation, the establishment of new farming settlements, and, most important of all, the eradication of malaria. Thus you can now travel through Matera province in comfort.

The city of Matera lies on the southern slopes of the Apulian Murge. The Murge are a gaunt pile of horizontal limestone strata, running parallel to the Adriatic coast of Apulia. Limestone, being porous, sucks down the water into subterranean caverns, releasing it only in copious springs.

Matera, standing as it does at the level that is robbed of water, has been one of the most poverty-stricken cities in all Italy. It lies on the brink of a deep, winding ravine, and a large portion of its population used to live in caves hollowed out of the ravine's sides. Today most of these inhabitants have been moved into huge blocks of flats, but some still remain in their more cosy homes, where both humans and livestock live, cool in summer, warm in winter. It is still, however, difficult for them to find work on their bone-dry ridge, and there is much under- and un-employment. Their future lies in the plain along the shore of Italy's "instep," for it is here that the water for irrigation finds its way. Even so, many will still have to emigrate—perhaps to Milan or Turin, perhaps to Switzerland or Germany.

In this ancient city the main points of interest are the "Sassi" (cave-dwellings), the National Ridola Museum, the 13th-century Romanesque Duomo, the ruins of the medieval castle, and some Romanesque and Gothic churches. There are also vast stone quarries—an amazing sight; also of interest is the "Sagra della Bruna," a typical traditional festival which takes place on the 2nd of July each year. On this occasion a triumphal chariot is smashed into fragments at the conclusion of the procession and people carry a souvenir of it home. Incidentally, there is one of the reliable Jolly hotels in which to lodge comfortably.

The surrounding countryside is very pleasant, the roads are good, and there are some interesting little towns of medieval aspect, crowning small hills. Miglionico, for instance, has its impressive castle where, in 1481, Sanseverino and the barons hatched their unsuccessful conspiracy against Ferdinand I of Aragon. In Grottole, I came on a potter working in a cave who was making lovely vases of classical design, each one taking him only five minutes to create. The various small farming centres are gradually bringing some prosperity to these highland people. To visit them is an exhilarating experience, not least because the officials engaged in the work are accomplishing something that is unquestionably good. Mention should be made of the Sanctuary of the Madonna di Picciano which had been the goal of 20,000 pilgrims on the day preceding my visit; the resulting litter was horrific.

From Matera it is a short trip to Altamura (actually in the province of Apulia). It is an uninteresting town apart from its glorious cathedral, founded by Frederick II. But this great church is most rewarding, for its western façade is the most richly carved Portal in the province. Not far from Altamura is the walled town of Gravina, chiefly worth a visit for its tremendous ruined castle, dating originally from the reign of Frederick II, and for the remarkable baroque church of S. Maria delle Grazie, with an amazing façade which includes a beautiful rose window.

Last, but certainly not least, there is Metaponto, which along with Sybaris and Crotona was one of the three great Achaean cities. Pythagoras, who had his school here, died in 497 B.C., and it was the location of Hannibal's headquarters after Cannae. Sacked by Spartacus, it declined until malaria practically destroyed it. Not so many years ago when travelling along this coast I saw nothing but a desolate waste, utterly lonely and silent. Now life has returned, and the land is being energetically farmed. The tiny village, too, has become a seaside resort; there are two small but pleasant hotels, a superb beach, and no organised entertainments.

Despite its great importance in ancient times, the ruins at Metaponto are rather disappointing. There are the remains of the *Agora*, of a *Theatre*, and most satisfying of all the Doric Temple of Athena, close to which is a small museum. There are also many tombs. Just enough perhaps to recall that fair and ancient world which is so irrevocably lost; and if only for that reason it merits the trouble of a visit. I am glad that I went there. I found the people very hospitable and kind.

For further information:

Italian State Tourist Department, 201 Regent Street, W.1. There is also a helpful official tourist office (EPT) in Matera.

WINTER CRUISES AND LATE HOLIDAYS

The ever-popular *Andes* will leave on January 10, 1963, from Southampton for a fifty-five-day cruise, visiting the West Indies, South America and Florida. On the same day the *Empress of Canada* leaves the same port for a twenty-eight-day cruise, visiting the West Indies and Florida. Shorter cruises will be made by the *Empress of Britain* from Liverpool, starting on January 26, the first lasting seventeen days, visiting Madeira, the Cape Verde Islands, the Canaries, Casablanca and Lisbon, then on February 14, March 2 and March 18 the same ship will leave on fourteen-day cruises, visiting Madeira, the Canary Islands, Morocco, and Lisbon.

Once again the *Arkadia* will be sailing on a regular cruise service from Southampton, beginning on December 19, 1962, calling at Madeira, the Canary Isles, Morocco and Spain. Ten-, twelve- or thirteen-day cruises can be arranged. The first calls at Madeira and the Canaries only, but the others include calls in Morocco and Spanish ports. Alternatively you could take advantage of the series of fourteen-day cruises by the *Riviera Prima*, which commence on December 21, from Southampton, visiting the Canaries, Madeira, Morocco, and Spain.

To fly by Caravelle to Las Palmas in the Canaries is an attractive prospect made possible by the new twice-weekly service to be operated by Air France from November 1, 1962. The tourist-class return fare from London is £78 12s., and first-class return is £99 13s. Timings are convenient, the airport bus leaves Cromwell Road at 10.55 a.m. and the flight arrival time in Las Palmas is 7.25 p.m. The return flight leaves a little early in the morning, at 7.15 a.m., but you are back in the London Air Terminal at 6 p.m.

It is surprising how easy it is this year to make last-minute bookings for holidays. In spite of almost as many people going abroad as last year, a varied choice of accommodation is still available at most well-known Continental holiday spots. This, together with the fact that larger capacity aircraft are now plying across the Channel, means that holidays in most places can still be arranged at a week's notice. Naturally, Spain and Italy, being the most popular, offer the most difficulties, but even in Majorca, provided you are prepared to pay a little more for your accommodation, you can still be fitted in by the travel agents. The easiest country is France, where in September, even in Paris, it is not really necessary to book beforehand, although most people like to know that a room has been reserved for them before they go.

There is much to be said about a late holiday in Switzerland, especially on the Lake of Geneva; Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux and Geneva itself are most attractive then. The weather is still warm and the vineyards are looking their best.

W. D. C. C.

The thirteenth-century Romanesque Duomo in Matera

A general view of Matera, lying on the southern slopes of the Apulian Murge. The "Sassi" cave dwellings can be seen near the crest of the hill

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

Nearly fifty lesser-known and some rare wines are catalogued in the new list published by Asher Storey and Company, a specialist firm mentioned before in this column. Often we have been told, when travelling abroad and enjoying the local wine, that it "does not travel." With more and more people travelling and getting to know these wines, Mr. Gerald Asher, head of this firm of shippers, is finding a growing market for such out-of-the-ordinary wines. He has proved, over and over again, that the wines do travel, provided that they are treated with sufficient care. Only in some cases is it necessary to ship the wines, specially the more delicate ones of low alcoholic content, in bottle.

The new list contains a number of additions which are being shipped for the first time. Most of Asher's wines are in the low or medium price category, but one of the new additions, Coulée de Serrant 1957, is one of the few exceptions at 27s. a bottle. It is something quite special, and on account of a very small production, extremely rare. It might be regarded in some ways as the Loire equivalent of the famous Château Grillet. It comes from a small vineyard at Savennières of less than four hectares, protected by an old wall. Pierre Bréjoux, regarded as the greatest authority on Loire wines, describes it as a marvel. "It has an exquisite perfume of flowers, ripe fruits and honey, and everything about it is perfect and harmonious." It is bottled at the domaine.

To the 1961 vintage Sancerre (at 16s. 3d.) is now added a Rosé de Sancerre. This does not share the great reputation of the white. The Rosé made of the Pinot Gris grape has not the quality which the white gets from its Sauvignon grape, but it comes from the same limestone soil and is a very agreeable and fresh drink, which sells at a somewhat lower price (14s. 6d.).

Quincy, another newly introduced wine, comes from the same part of the Upper Loire as Sancerre and Pouilly Fumé, but is grown on different soil. On its thick bed of gravel and sand the same Sauvignon grape produces a wine of entirely different character. This 1961 vintage is very dry, and shows the steely quality received from the gravel soil. The area is not very highly developed and because of the lack of equipment small vineyard owners cannot always make first-class wine. Mr. Asher has found just that. This wine was taken almost immediately after fermentation to the cellars of his reliable associates at Lorris and racked, fined and bottled there. The retail price of this wine is 15s. 6d.

Cahors, on the River Lot, is a much better known wine area, although its products are not often seen in this country. Mr. Asher's new importation, Cahors, Cru Baldès, is reminiscent of the Rhône red wines. It is big and dark but supple and possesses a very good bouquet (11s. 9d.).

Other new-comers to this fascinating list include several French-bottled Provençal wines, mainly from the vignoble of Bandol. Whites, reds and rosés, their retail prices range from 9s. 9d. to 19s. 9d. Fifteen old friends from the Loire, eight interesting Jura wines, and specimens from Auvergne, the Pyrenees, the Rhône, Dordogne, Alsace and Savoy, some Vins de Liqueur and sparkling wines make this list worthy of study. A special edition of the booklet (without prices) is available to members of the public from the merchants who stock the firm's wines. In case of difficulty one should write direct to Messrs. Asher Storey and Company, 127 Lower Thames Street, London, E.C.3.

"Adventure in Eating" is the slogan of Britain's Food Fair opening Thursday, August 30, at Olympia, and remaining open to September 12. A praiseworthy theme if there ever was one, and judging from advance information, the show is more ambitious and diversified than ever before in its twelve years existence. Foods from literally all over the world are being shown, including many new and until now unknown products in this country. Several countries are putting on collective exhibits, in addition to those of their individual firms, and by so doing adding their national prestige to the produce of their farmers and manufacturers.

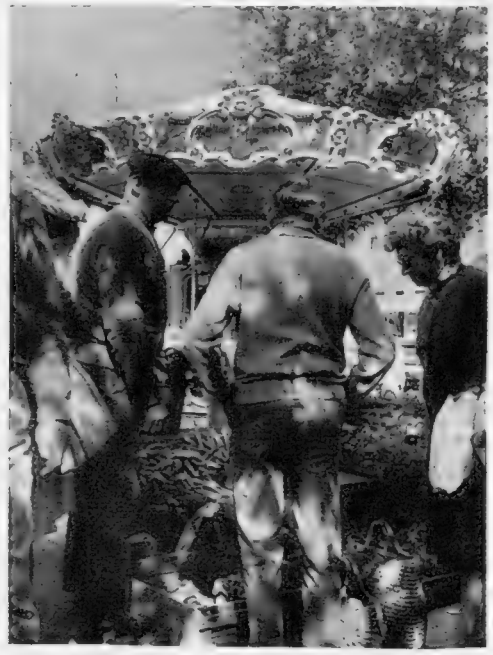
Food is not to be the only interest; logically, wines and other drinks are strongly represented. For the first time visitors will not only be able to admire and in some cases taste the wines and other drinks shown, but they will be able to buy them in a special shop where all the exhibits are on sale to the public. I hope to write more fully about Britain's Food Fair in a later issue.

Part of the turreted entrance to the city of Guerande, entirely surrounded by wall and moat

One of the many ancient carts still in use on the cobbled str

BRETON CHARM

By **G. F. HART**



Breton women, in local costume, sell everything from lace hats and shell necklaces to biscuits. **Right:** Children's roundabout in the market-place of Pornichet. **Below:** A carter homeward bound at evening with a load of salt from the saltpans at Saillé

The seventeenth-century Château de Careil near La Bau

Guerande

Fishermen leisurely stow their nets after landing the evening catch at La Turballe, a small fishing port about eight miles from La Baule

One of Brittany's endearing features is its people, who quietly greet tourists as if they were welcome for their own sakes. Popular though Brittany is with English visitors, it is still possible to have a family holiday in unspoilt surroundings. We—my wife and I and our daughter Victoria—started our holiday this year by crossing with the car to Calais. We reached Pornichet, which was to be our base, with one overnight stop. It is perhaps a mistake to try to see all of the ancient province and duchy in one short holiday. Comprising the north-west peninsula of France, it includes the *départements* of Finisterre, Côtes du Nord, Morbihan, Ile-et-Vilaine and Loire Atlantique. Brittany is slightly larger than Scotland.

Pornichet is, as the signposts tell you, at one end of the "finest beach in Europe," being to La Baule what Hove is to Brighton. It has an attractive market on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, where everything under the sun seems to be sold. A favourite dish I would recommend, especially at this market, is a crêpe, made from buckwheat flour, cooked before you on an enormous griddle, and eaten plain or with butter, sugar or jam.

At intervals along the beach are clubs, like Les Dauphins for instance, for children. There it is possible to leave your child, marvellously provided for, all day long. Some of the larger clubs even have a heated swimming pool.

From our base we made excursions to the harbour at St. Nazaire, the walled town of Guerande, Le Croisic, the Château de Careil, and the furthest afield, Vannes. This is probably the oldest town in Brittany, on the Golfe de Morbihan, with a magnificent castle, a cathedral, old houses, and a harbour. The route there includes an exciting suspension bridge high up over the river Vilaine at La Roche Bernard.

ill lived in by the descendants of the original owner

On the bridge crossing one of the harbour basins of the fishing port of Le Croisic

BOOKS

SPIRITS ABROAD

An unusual travel book about France; relieving poverty in Italy; Edward Upward's novel heads this week's fiction

Miss Joan Grant must be one of the most exceptional writers of travel books there is, for she not only has an excellent memory for the places she has visited and the conversations she has had, but also a faculty which she calls Far Memory. This has enabled her to write such very successful books as *Winged Pharaoh*, in which she recalled or evoked dynastic Egypt in apparently authentic detail. So with her present book of reminiscences, A LOT TO REMEMBER (Robert Hale. 18s.), Miss Grant writes about her four visits to the region of the River Lot, a little to the south and west of central France, records her experiences on the level of a perceptive traveller and, on another level, writes about three of the ghosts she saw while there. The Lot is one of the loveliest and least known of all *départements* and her descriptions of countryside and castles, rivers and villages, is delightful while those with an interest in the supernatural will find her meetings with such spirits as sixteenth-century monks or long-dead executioners satisfyingly sensational.

Dr. Ottiero Ottieri, an Italian novelist, who is also an industrial psychologist, has written a most distinguished book on the problems raised by the bitter poverty and unemployment in his country. Of the humane schemes which have been initiated to deal with this widespread misery, one of the most inspired and most effective has been that started by a famous manufacturing firm of northern Italy, which against all practical advice, built a branch of their works in a densely-populated area of almost total unemployment. The aim was to relieve hardship and produce skilled workmen and that aim is beginning to be realised though a nearly insuperable difficulty has been to sift out from 40,000 applications the few hundreds who could be employed. THE MEN AT THE GATE (Gollancz. 21s.) is Dr. Ottieri's inspired account of this often heart-breaking, often rewarding process with which he was himself closely identified.

IN THE THIRTIES (Heinemann. 18s.) is the first novel in a projected trilogy by Mr. Edward Upward, whose literary reputation has so far rested on a Kafkaesque novel which appeared in the 1930's. It is fairly certain that his new book will win him a far more significant place in the world of letters and will attract a much greater number of readers. It is the story of a young Englishman whose great desire is to be a poet, who fails to prove himself at this and who joins the Communist Party of Great Britain, in company with many of those equally frustrated by the conditions of the times. His character, as we see it develop through the story, is not that of a man ideally suited to the work of such an organisation and, although as the book closes he still upholds his Communist convictions, the reader is pretty confident that he will come to reject them in maturity. Mr. Upward has a fine simplicity of style and a poetic insight himself into emotions as well as into political theories.

Mr. R. H. Ward's brief chronicle of THE LIFE OF CASSIE PEARSON (Cassell. 15s.) has one considerable quality in that the author has a real sense of form, and that he has shaped his novel consciously and skilfully. This respect for form in the writing of fiction is not as common as one would think and well worthy of note for that reason. There is a current trend to ignore it in favour of sheer length; never a very happy alternative. But Mr. Ward's story of an apparently unremarkable woman and the recurring patterns of her quiet life is, in its way, an exercise in literary discipline and that is a welcome event.

When an author announces, as Mr. Frank Baines does in a preamble to his novel, CULTURE OF BACILLUS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.), that some readers may find it an improbable piece of grotesquerie but that he has enjoyed writing it, anyway, the result is naturally disarming. In fact this *is* an odd book: a tale about a little boy in a vast mansion, due to inherit a fortune from his grandmother who is dying, and schemed against by the remaining adult members of the family. But it has many moments of humour and even of beauty. And, of course, the author has warned us.

Miss Phyllis Brett Young (no relation to the late Francis Brett Young) is a Canadian novelist with the gift of lively story-telling and a pleasantly natural way with dialogue. She has written here about a Toronto couple, long and happily married and about some of the storms under the surface which the marriage manages to survive. It is bright,

LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS: Squeezum (Bernard Miles) and Hilaret (Sally Smith) in a scene from the successful musical revived at the Mermaid Theatre, which has been transferred to Her Majesty's Theatre

VIOLENT INVECTIVE

An objective view of the Marconi Scandal

That last great Liberal Government, one of the institutions that disappeared in the holocaust of the Great War, was notable in many ways. Not least, it was a remarkable administration, since it appeared to foster the last period of violent political invective. Passions ran high; there were a number of burning issues; and unrestrained by stringent applications of the Libel laws, journalists indulged in smear campaigns, ripe invective and unrestrained partisanship. One of the most extraordinary episodes has come down to us under the name of the Marconi Scandal. At the time many people took sides on an issue they did not understand and subsequently so much was written and said by the protagonists that the truth was obfuscated.

Mrs. Frances Donaldson gives what is the first objective and full-dress account of the episode in THE MARCONI SCANDAL (Rupert Hart-Davis. 30s.). This kind of recent political history is enjoying a vogue. And her account, with such splendid material to draw from, is fascinating and at times wildly comic. In brief, what happened was that in 1912, the Postmaster-General accepted the Marconi Company's tender to build six stations of The Imperial wireless chain. Managing director of the company was Godfrey Isaacs, brother of Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General. For various reasons, including an unwise speculation by several highly-placed politicians in the American Marconi Company, a scandal was scented. Corruption was alleged. Eventually Asquith was forced to set up a Select Committee. In evidence before it and then in two libel actions, the truth, for what it was worth, came out. I doubt if the episode gained credit for anyone.

Among literary figures involved in the episode were Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton's brother, Cecil. A contemporary of theirs, but one who has in time emerged as one of the finest lyric poets in English literature, was W. B. Yeats. But his prose had been so long out of print that only specialists knew it. For the last seven years—and none too soon—Macmillan have been putting this right. EXPLORATIONS (Macmillan. 35s.), selected by Mrs. W. B. Yeats, is the fourth volume of essays and prose pieces that have slowly but regularly appeared in the series. "The Irish Dramatic Movement," which forms the bulk of the book, is the key item here, but all the pieces are full of the vividness and assurance of a towering writer.

THE FLOWERS OF THE SEA (Allen and Unwin. 42s.) is an anthology of extracts—prose and verse—about the sea, selected by Captain Eric Bush. Obviously a labour of love on the part of the editor, the volume should please many who share the traditionally British love of the sea.

The last three books are specialised in their various ways. But the first, THE DEATH AND LIFE OF GREAT AMERICAN CITIES (Cape. 30s.), by Jane Jacobs, should appeal to a much wider audience. It is a book about urban planning in the States and is one of the most splendidly vigorous attacks on conventional planning ever written. All those who love living in cities and are at times worried about what is happening in English cities should be cheered by Mrs. Jacobs' trenchant and detailed proposals.

Putnam, who appear to have established a corner in aviation books, have come out with a new one, as beautifully produced and lavishly illustrated as its predecessors. BRITISH AIRCRAFT 1809-1914 (Putnam. 63s.) is by Peter Lewis and is, as far as I can judge, the fullest and best documented survey of the period to appear. Purely and briefly factual about every aircraft of the period, the catalogue includes both triumphant successes and bizarre failures. I was particularly charmed by the Batson Flying House, constructed in 1913 by Captain Arlington Batson for a proposed transatlantic flight. It looked like a prefab with twelve wings stuck on and contained a sitting-room and bedrooms for the crew.

Finally there is BAEDEKER'S TOURING GUIDE TO ITALY (Allen and Unwin. 50s.). As I am planning to go to Italy myself on holiday shortly, I have been examining the guide with some considerable thoroughness. Within its limits, it has everything a motorist on tour would want, and, in its necessarily compressed format, contains a vast amount of relevant information.

Jolyon Wimhurst

readable and amusing in a quick-witted, feminine way.

Mr. Ross Russell knows a great deal about the world of jazz musicians. That is clear from the first page of THE SOUND (Cassell. 18s.), his complex and, to outsiders, faintly depressing novel about trumpeters, pianists, junkies and assorted hep-cats. There is considerable authority in the descriptive writing and in the characterisation. I suspect my reservations come from not being really hep.

CLOSE TO HOME (Heinemann. 16s.) is Mr. Erskine Caldwell's new novel; typically realistic, humorous and deeply understanding of human foibles whether that humanity is black, white or somewhere in between. His principal character is one Native Hunnicutt, a man known for his good luck at games of chance, whose new *coup* is to marry a rich widow. He stretches his luck a little by spending the first night of his wedded life on a possum hunt and is soon in worse—and more hilarious—trouble than that. This may not be everybody's idea of the Deep South but I 'll settle for it.

Signor Carlo Castellaneta is a young Italian writer and his first novel, A JOURNEY WITH FATHER (Macdonald. 13s. 6d.), shows a talent that is both strong and subtle; an ability to catch the essence of a situation and convey it in the simplest language. His story is set in the span of a single day and night when a young man takes a long train trip with the father who has been estranged from the family through his Fascist ideals. They talk, they listen, they observe and they grope towards an understanding. Moving in effect and technically very accomplished.

Vernon Fane

HOMER RE-DONE

My Latin remains; my Greek is gone with the wind. In old age, I have gained so much from the prose translations of E. V. Rieu that I question the claim that only a poetic translation can achieve the dramatic tensions of Homer. To imitate the rhythms is difficult in any literary form. Obviously a poet has the best chance, and Robert Fitzgerald, in his THE ODYSSEY (Heinemann. 35s.), goes a long way to substantiate his claim. Lord Derby's mid-Victorian translation of the *Iliad* involved fewer problems. Rejecting Pope's version as in no sense a translation, he plumped for " heroic blank verse " as the only practical medium, and was lucky in living at a time when our language changed less quickly and when archæology had not yet turned legend into history, requiring new responsibilities in translation. Fitzgerald's *Homer* as translation must expect the same criticism as the other Fitzgerald's *Omar*.

Robert Fitzgerald faces, also, hazards in common with the N.E.B. translators—involving outraging tradition and scrapping purple passages. He goes further: he fits modern English appropriate to the speakers, from king to swineherd. Naturally, the method cannot always succeed. It may produce a line of bathos (" My child, what strange remarks you let escape you "). Such phrases as " Touched off a fit of laughter," "A poor show that!," "Another time you may not know what hit you," rightly judged as subaltern's English today, may seem a little too modern for the uses of a Goddess, a suitor or Odysseus himself. But the effort is too good for cavil. There are enchanting passages. I cite Penelope's visit to the storeroom to fetch the great bow, as a single example. Compare it with Pope's version and Fitzgerald shines. With his changes of metre, his alternate smoothness and ruggedness, as occasion requires (and the story *is* tough), his claims for a poetic translation to provide some idea of Greek rhythms are justified; and Homer's dramatic tension and overriding argument are preserved.

John Gore

Lorelei Lee (Dora Bryan) finally strikes gold

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

at the Princes

Nostalgia for the '20's took perhaps its most striking shape in Anita Loos' story of Lorelei, the original gold-digger. Lorelei was triumphantly translated to the Broadway musical stage in 1951 and then into a film with Marilyn Monroe in all her special charm. Now the musical has reached the West End stage, with Dora Bryan as Lorelei and thereby immensely entertaining her fans. It is an efficient production of what seems by now a slightly old-fashioned musical.

Photographs by Tom Hustler

Gloria Stark (Valerie Walsh) in the Second Act Paris night club scene. **Right:** Henry Spoffard (Robin Palmer) and Dorothy Shaw (Anne Hart)

The Act One finale in Lorelei's suite at the Ritz in Paris

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

M. I. Prichard

Mr. Prichard, managing director of the Perkins Group, looks down at the busy scene inside the Perkins factory at Peterborough. Now aged forty-six, he has led the world's largest diesel engine manufacturing group for four years. In that time Perkins sales have risen from £16,000,000 to nearly £30,000,000 a year from Britain alone. Born in India and educated at Felsted School, Montague Illtyd Prichard spent many years in the Far East. He was a student apprentice with R. A. Lister and Co. Ltd. and later contributed to the expansion of that company in Malaya, Ceylon, the Dutch East Indies, Borneo and Thailand in the post-war years. In the Second World War, Mr. Prichard served with the Royal Engineers in India, Malaya, Burma and elsewhere in the Far East, being awarded the M.C. and being mentioned in dispatches three times. He was demobilised with the rank of lieut.-colonel. Mr. Prichard, after rising to become a director of the Lister Group, left in 1953 to become personal assistant to Mr. Frank Perkins, the founder and now honorary president of F. Perkins Limited. In the following year he became director of engineering, then deputy managing director and subsequently joint managing director. Since Perkins joined the Massey-Ferguson Group in 1959, he has supported the concept of a proprietary engine manufacturer operating independently within the overall activities of diversified, world-wide operations. Mr. Prichard travels thousands of miles each year on business—the group has manufacturing bases on four continents and distributors and customers throughout the world—and he is away from his home near Peterborough for up to eight months a year. But when he has any free time, he likes to play tennis or go out in his powerful speedboat

COMPETITION IN THE AIR

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It is nearly two years since the most recent Act of Parliament concerned with British civil aviation became law—designed to increase effective competition in the air in this country. During this period the licensing machinery that was planned, gradually, to alter the pattern of commercial flying here has been handing down its decisions; and there have, certainly, been some changes in the pattern of the country's airlines. Whether these have been changes in the direction of increased competition, however, is another matter.

In one part of the business, certainly, increased competition has occurred—and has taken its toll. Last year the cutting of charges for air transport in the operation of inclusive airborne holidays became intense; and at the same time there were failures among certain of the travel businesses which were running such holidays and the small air transport operators who were flying holidaymakers out on them.

In one sense, the weeding out of financially weak operators in both fields was probably not a bad thing. Tiny travel agencies which depended for their existence upon shaving costs at every point in the holidays they arranged, to achieve a package deal that was cheap enough to bring in the tourists in sufficient numbers, often had to economise on service and standards of accommodation. There was nothing wrong with that—so long as their customers realised they were going to get a holiday pared down in accordance with the low price they were glad to pay. On the other hand, the air transport element in the holiday is one in which it might easily become dangerous to pare down the standards too far in order to cut costs.

In its latest report on the licensing of air services by British operators, the Air Transport Licensing Board mentions that during 1961-62 ten operators stopped flying services, and some are in liquidation; other companies have shown weakness, and in two cases receivers have been appointed. All operated mainly in the flying of inclusive tours. The board carried out an investigation into the circumstances of many of the small companies—and decided that in future it would set minimum financial standards that any company seeking licences from it would have to meet.

Many of the small companies that came into difficulties—and others that have not yet—seem to operate with quite inadequate capital. It is possible to secure aircraft on hire purchase. Working in a business where holiday bookings are made long before the trip is taken or paid for, all the firms in the business are liable to lean on heavy bank overdrafts. And in the build-up of air traffic during the last few years, companies have been given pretty generous credit terms by major suppliers such as the oil companies. All of these possible ways of getting credit can mean that an airline with very little financial strength at all can get committed quite a long way ahead to supply transport; and upsets in the completion of its own or other people's contracts, such as occurred in some cases during summer 1961, can bring travel agencies and airlines down together.

The board is now requiring applicants to run air services to be able to show capital resources commensurate with their size, and also an adequate method of costing and accounting—another weakness of some of the small companies that folded up last year. It recognises that this could be quite an obstacle for absolute newcomers to the business, which in principle it would like to encourage; on the other hand, it does not want to give licences to fly-by-night companies whose main operating asset, on which to borrow money, may then become this permission to operate. Any financial weakness which leads to neglect of safety standards—or, for example, the employment of pilots for too long hours when flying to unfamiliar and not very good airports abroad—can be dreadfully dangerous. Moreover, if accidents should happen, the financially unsound operators may not be in a position to meet liabilities for proper compensation.

Competition is occurring, therefore, at one end of the scale in the independent airline business. At the other end, consolidation rather than competition seems to be the rule. During 1961, the licensing board granted Cunard Eagle, one of the strongest of the independent lines, permission to fly a North Atlantic service. But this was over the bitter opposition of the nationalised British Overseas Aircraft Corporation; and on appeal from the board's decision, the then Minister of Aviation simply reversed the decision. Cunard was then left without prospective work for the two £3,000,000 Boeing 707s for which it had contracted; but three months ago—after its parent company's original hopes of subsidy for an ocean liner across the Atlantic had also been abandoned—there came the sudden arrangements for a merger with B.O.A.C. on the North Atlantic routes.

This curious alliance between State and private enterprise no doubt had its attractions for both sides—but disadvantages too. Cunard's Boeings will have work to do; moreover, by another route the company has achieved the access to North Atlantic flying that it was seeking in 1961. B.O.A.C. has silenced one of its strongest competitors by joining with it; moreover, it has gained some of the Cunard group's experience in selling Atlantic travel. On the other hand, on an important part of its trade it now becomes answerable partly to private owners; while on the other hand, in the short run at least Cunard Eagle has joined an organisation suffering heavy losses, even on what should be the most lucrative of all major airline routes.

From the outsider's point of view, however, the main effect of this merger may seem to be to reduce competition. It is true that the merger had nothing directly to do with the licensing board or the act under which it was set up two years ago. But if Cunard Eagle had not been deprived of the licence for Atlantic flights which the board granted it, there seems no reason why it should have chosen to go in with B.O.A.C.

The Air Licensing Board, at any rate, still regards the promotion of competitive air operations in Britain as its business. It does not propose to take too much into account the uneasiness of the Ministry about traffic rights in other countries; any "rights" of established operators to the expansion of travel on a route where newcomers apply; or the fact that because large airlines run some services at a loss they feel entitled to special privileges on other profitable ones. One Minister of Aviation, since translated between offices, over-rode the board's decisions on its most important early case. Another Minister has at present a fresh sheaf of applications and decisions from it against which appeals have been lodged by established operators—mainly the State airlines. What he decides this autumn may well settle the future of competition in the airline business in Britain.

Giant cranes dominate the scene as Smithfield Poultry Market in London is rebuilt. It was burnt down in 1958. The new market, which is being constructed by Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons Ltd., is expected to be completed next year, at a cost of approximately £1,800,000

ADOLF MORATH PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH INDUSTRY

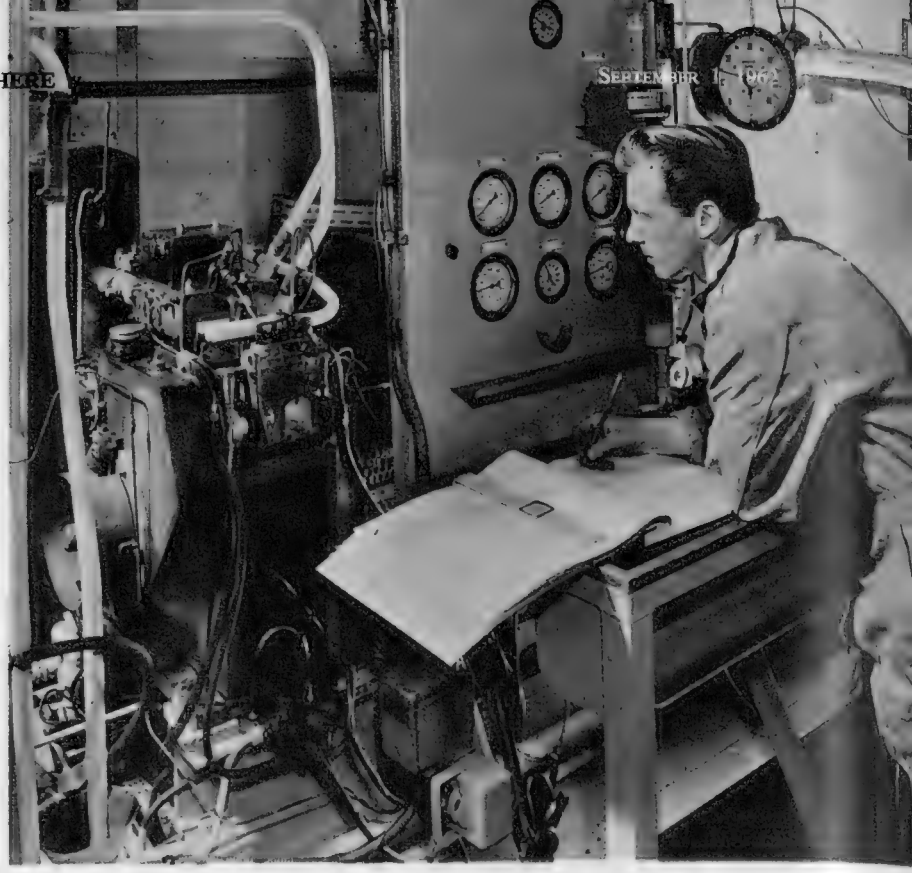
The engineering division of the Perkins Group at Peterborough

Less than a quarter of a century ago, the possibility that lightweight diesel engines might ever become more than a very specialised power source was very slender. Before the war the number of vehicles and other machines fitted with diesel engines was negligible. Since then, however, a steady revolution has taken place so that this year, in the U.K. alone, about 35,000 commercial vehicles, farm and industrial machines and boats will be fitted with diesels of more than 30 h.p.

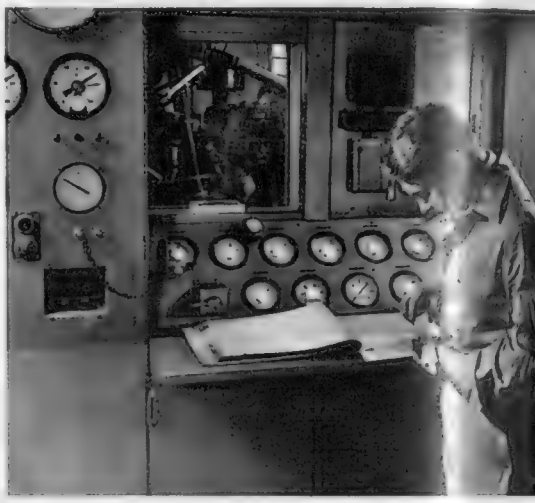
The British company which has done most to bring about this remarkable change is F. Perkins Limited, a firm started in a small way in 1932 by Mr. Frank Perkins and now an international group selling engines worth £30,000,000 a year in U.K. alone.

Perkins has achieved its present position as the world's largest producer of diesel engines mainly as a result of the emphasis it places on research and development. The Perkins engineering division is the fountainhead of all innovations incorporated into the Perkins power range, both at Peterborough, where the company makes 1,000 diesel engines a day, and at eight overseas plants producing Peterborough-designed engines.

(*Continued on page 324*)



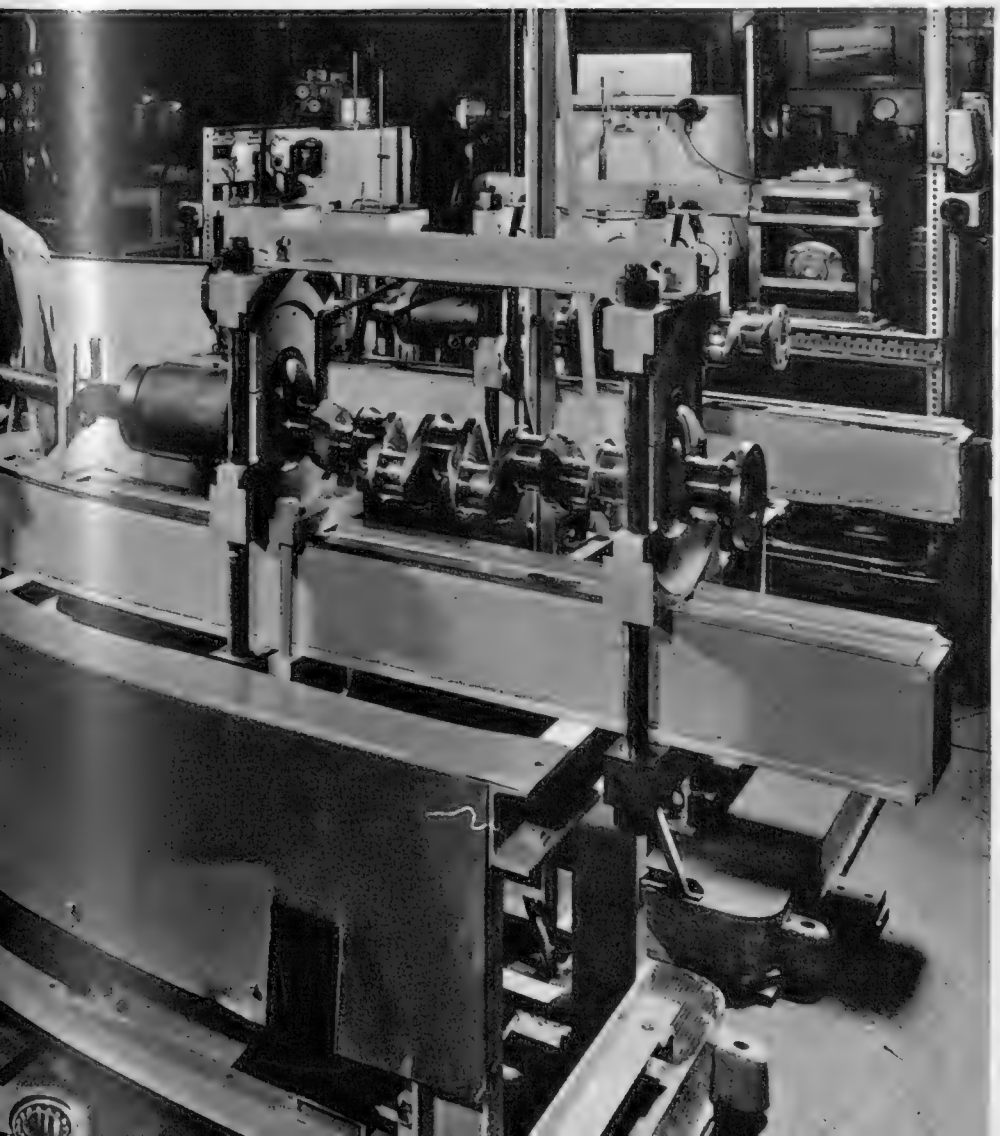
Testing single-cylinder units in the company's experimental department. Data provided by these units gives valuable information on thermal efficiency and other characteristics



Below: A skilled fitter completes a prototype engine made in the workshops of the experimental department

A test operator checks, on a fully instrumented console, the prototype engine's performance

Electronic equipment, connected to a turbo-charged 6-cylinder engine, to measure the workings of engine parts not normally accessible to measurement by conventional methods



A rig to study the flow of cooling water through cylinder blocks or cylinder heads, in which the top surface is machined off the component. **Left:** A crankshaft fatigue-test rig is loaded with weights to determine the loading which will be applied to the crankshaft when it is revolved at 1,500 load cycles per minute for 10,000,000 cycles, or until it breaks

Outside the cold chamber—the equipment used to record engine behaviour under extremes

In the materials laboratory a trainee metallurgist uses a micro-hardness attachment on a metallurgical microscope capable of magnifying 2,000 times

Testing outboard motors from a floating pontoon, on the test lake

BRITISH INDUSTRY (*Continued from page 322*)

In the experimental department's cold chamber, which is capable of housing complete vehicles, the minimum temperature obtainable is minus 60 deg. Fah.

Headed by the director of engineering, Mr. J. G. Dawson, the engineering division is built up around three main departments responsible for engine design, experimental work and field engineering supplemented by a number of other specialised sections. All new engines are initiated in the design department, which controls the specifications of prototype engines before handing the responsibility for their development on to the experimental department.

The research section of the experimental department is mainly concerned with the more fundamental work in developing new engines. Developing a new engine can be a very long and costly job. Mr. Dawson estimates that a new type can take up to four years to progress from drawing board to production line at a cost of more than £250,000.

The primary task of the development section is determining the mechanical behaviour and life of engine components and ensuring that future engines will have maximum durability under all operating conditions. Engine and component testing plays a very important part in the development of each new engine. Test-bed cells are arranged to provide engineers with data on performance and life, long before engines are considered for production.

Perkins engineering department is responsible for carrying out world-wide tests of prototype engines fitted in vehicles, farm machines, boats and industrial equipment and for the study of problems arising in operation. In addition to a fleet of road vehicles, the department operates a number of agricultural machines and boats. The engineering division also controls the design and development of the group's outboard motors by a department which shares the use of many diesel engine technical services. The group has its own 50-acre lake at Peterborough where prototype and production motors are endurance tested. Overseas tests are carried out in tropical and arctic waters.

A special test bed which can be inclined to simulate the position of an engine in a boat planing at speed. The engine is connected to a dynamometer and a control panel

A 50-acre lake, formerly a brick working, is now used by outboard motor development engineers to test two-stroke petrol units under actual operating conditions

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BANK BID

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

The projected bid by National Provincial Bank for the District Bank has proved one of the biggest surprises in the City for some time. This will be easily the biggest banking merger for more than forty years and one of the largest ever in the banks' history. If successful, it would take National Provincial from fifth place in the Big Five to fourth, rising above Westminster. The larger three are Barclays, Midland and Lloyds. The combined National Provincial-District Bank would operate through more than 2,000 branches and control assets of some £1,400,000,000. For National Provincial the attraction lies in expansion in an area, Lancashire, where the bank is relatively lightly represented. For District the logic is joining a national bank at a time when competition is increasing.

This merger plan has the official, although informal, approval of the Treasury and the Bank of England. The authorities' view appears to be that while mergers between the Big Five would be frowned upon, any of the Big Five are quite free to merge with one of the other banks operating in Britain. This represents a marked contrast with inter-war feeling when the Big Five were virtually forbidden to make any sizeable acquisitions.

For investors, the intriguing prospect lies with the other medium-sized banks operating in Britain which are still outside the Big Five group. Largest of these is Martins, which with District forms the two large regional banks operating in Britain. Martins is centred on Liverpool, while District is based on Manchester. Martins is already linked with one of the Big Five, the Westminster, through a joint interest in Mercantile Credit the hire-purchase finance company. Profits of this bank have grown by more than half in the last five years from just over £900,000, after tax, in 1957 to £1,450,000 in 1961. While shareholders' dividend rate has been virtually maintained at 15 per cent. the board have made a large "rights" issue on favourable terms.

Apart from Martins the principal "outside" bank operating in Britain is the National Bank, whose principal business is in Southern Ireland. But the National have long been established in the City, and now control more than a dozen branches in London and in a number of leading provincial towns.

Although profits have fallen slightly from the £300,000 peak reached in 1959, shareholders' dividend has been progressively increased. The current 18 per cent. rate compares with one of 12 per cent. paid as recently as 1957.

While Martins and the National are the two banks, apart from the Big Five, operating in England, there are three major Scottish banks in which investors can buy shares. Largest of these is the Royal Bank of Scotland, effectively an Anglo-Scottish bank through its control of Glyn Mills and of William's Deacons, which were bought during the 1930's. The other two Scottish banks are National Commercial and the Bank of Scotland.

Royal Bank of Scotland have reported nearly a £700,000 rise in income over the last four years, to just over £1,600,000 net in 1961. Shareholders' dividends have been raised from 16 per cent. to 19 per cent. during the same period, and the City is hoping that the 1962 dividend may be increased. National Commercial of Scotland, which operates through some 470 branches against Royal of Scotland's 480, attracted a good deal of City interest four years ago through its relatively large interest in hire purchase finance. With Lloyds, which owns a sizeable interest in National Commercial itself, the Scottish bank holds a half share in Lloyds and Scottish Finance. This group, one of Britain's leading h.p. finance firms, suffered from the industry's general difficulties last year—rising interest costs and bad debts. For this reason National Commercial profits fell from £1,540,000 to £1,370,000 and the dividend was merely repeated at 16½ per cent.

Bank of Scotland, the oldest in Scotland, is slightly smaller than either Royal Bank or National Commercial. Yet its profit growth has been impressive in recent years. Between 1957 and 1961 earnings grew from £560,000 to just over £1,000,000 while shareholders' dividends have been raised from 14 per cent. to the present equivalent of 20 per cent. Bank of Scotland, whose Governor is Lord Bilsland, featured in one of Scotland's best-known bank mergers after the war by acquiring the Union Bank of Scotland in 1952. This involved a virtual doubling of Bank of Scotland's share capital from £2,400,000 to £4,500,000. Three years later the whole of Union Bank's undertaking was merged with the parent bank. Bank of Scotland joined the general move into hire purchase finance during 1958 by acquiring North West Securities, which operates from Chester. This was previously owned by the Braid Group of vehicle distributors. In the bank's 1961 balance sheet, hire purchase advances featured at close to £6,000,000.

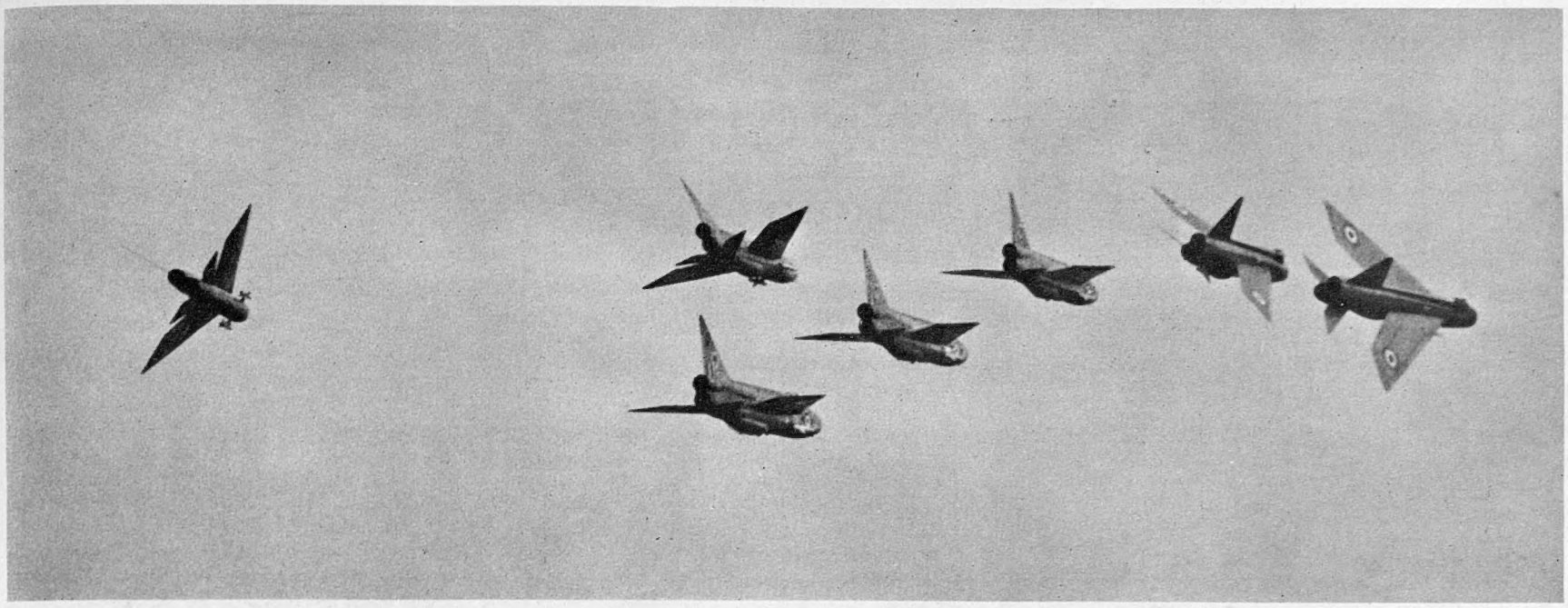
None of these bank shares will appeal to people who look for large current yields. National Bank offers the largest return, rather more than 3½ per cent. Martins is the best all-round choice, yielding 3 per cent. and with clear take-over possibilities, now that District may well join one of the Big Five. National Commercial shares, offering a similar yield, will appeal to people prepared to take a three- to five-year view.

Lightnings of 74 Squadron, the Tigers, in very close formation

The Handley Page Dart Herald medium-range jet-prop airliner

This year's S.B.A.C. Flying Display and Exhibition at Farnborough from September 3 to September 9 promises to be of exceptional interest, particularly since it will demonstrate the British aircraft industry's present commitment in civil aviation. Two new jet airliners will be there for the first time—the long-range VC10 and the smaller de Havilland Trident. They are the first civil airliners in the world designed specifically to be equipped with automatic landing devices. Other future prospects for civil airliners can be seen in the research aircraft—the delta-wing H.P.115 and supersonic speed Bristol T.188, and an 11-ft. model of the Anglo-French, BAC/Sud 100-passenger project for a rear-engined airliner cruising at Mach 2.2. Two of Beagle's advanced and attractive light aircraft—the 206 and M.218—will be on show. The military side of Farnborough, besides the spectacular formation acrobatics of Lightnings and Hunters, will feature the Hawker VTOL strike fighter, the P.1127, and a range of guided missiles, including the new de Havilland Red Top infra-red air-to-air missiles which are fitted to Lightnings.

The new Beagle M.218 light aircraft just before its first flight recently.
Below: The Bristol T.188 all-steel highly supersonic research aircraft

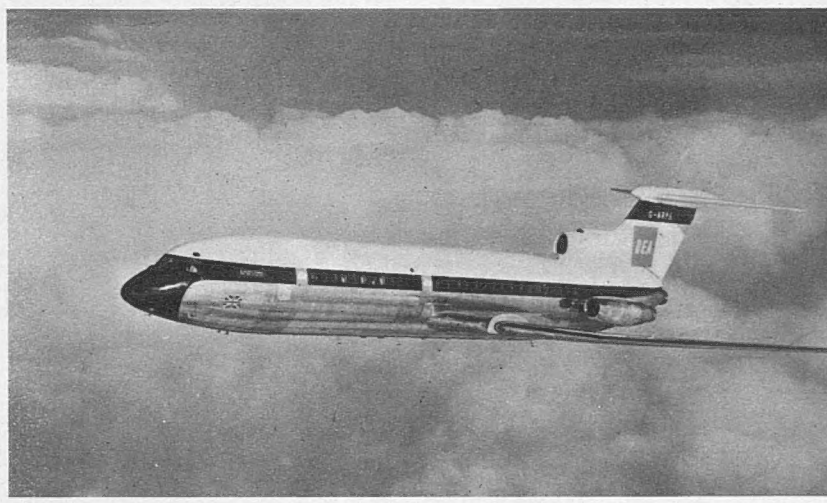


The Tigers in their Lightnings peel off at the start of a manœuvre during rehearsals for their display at the S.B.A.C. Farnborough Air Show

FARNBOROUGH

Some of the aircraft due to take part in this year's show

The Vickers VC 10, Britain's biggest jet airliner, takes off



The de Havilland Trident airliner in an air-to-air view

The Handley Page H.P.115 delta research aircraft during its intensive flying programme of research into the characteristics of this advanced wing-shape

MOTORING

FRONT OR REAR-ENGINED?

Further thoughts on the Morris 1100

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Front-wheel-drive—or a rear-mounted engine driving the back wheels? This much debated question has been revived by the announcement of the new front-wheel-drive Morris 1100 and I have been discussing with two acknowledged experts the relative merits of the two systems. Mr. Alec Issigonis, technical director of the British Motor Corporation and head of the design team which produced the new disc-braked, independently-sprung Morris saloon, says the engine should be at the front for proper weight distribution.

"You need plenty of weight at the front," he told me, "to ensure proper balance and stability when cross winds are blowing. In a dart the weight is at the front, not at the back. It should be the same with a car, and if you have the engine at the front the proper thing to do is to drive the front wheels to give better traction and more room inside the car—especially if you mount the engine sideways."

For the contrary view I approached Mr. Peter Ware, chief engineer of the Rootes Group, who are known to be building a small rear-engined car in Scotland. "Having the engine at the front is excellent from the point of view of vehicle stability," he said, "but front installations suffer the disadvantage of high power-weight ratios when traction conditions are critical and also impose serious problems of braking distribution.

"The disadvantage of the rear-engine layout centres almost entirely on high speed stability. With the development of light, compact power plants, and increasing knowledge of the aerodynamic characteristics of cars, it is felt that the difficulties of the rear-engined layout can be completely overcome. No one is thinking at the present time of building a racing car with anything other than the rear-engined layout."

This weekend the new Morris is being put to a severe test. Two of these cars have been entered by the British Motor Corporation in the notorious Liège-Sofia-Liège rally, the route for which runs through Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. On the Continent they call this tough event the Marathon de la Route, and it has always seemed to me more like a road race than a rally. One of the Morrises is being driven by Pat Moss and her new co-driver Pauline Mayman, who have done remarkably well in International rallies this year. The other car is in charge of Peter Riley—husband of Ann Wisdom, Miss Moss's former navigator—and at the time of writing his co-driver was to have been Derek Astle, of Rochdale.

The ingenious rubber-and-water suspension of the new Morris is being built for B.M.C. by Dunlop to the design of the B.M.C. subsidiary, Moulton Developments Limited. I like the Dunlop Company's clear description of how the inter-connected suspension works.

"The system carries a Hydrolastic unit at each independently sprung wheel, hydraulically inter-connected front and rear on each side of the car by an anti-freeze, water-based fluid, pressurised by the weight of the car," says the Dunlop explanation. "When a front or rear wheel passes over a bump, displacement of fluid towards the other wheel on that side maintains the car at a level attitude and gives a smooth ride free from pitch, ensuring maximum road adhesion.

"Where both wheels on one side of the car are deflected together, the increased fluid pressure in the sealed system reacts on the rubber springs providing a high degree of roll stiffness in cornering. All wheel movements are immediately damped as the displaced fluid passes through the rubber damper valves, eliminating the need for separate shock absorbers. Additional damping is provided in the pipe inter-connecting the units, contributing further to the exceptional security of the high speed ride."

All versions of the Ford Classic and Capri are now fitted with a new 1,499-c.c. engine instead of the old 1,340-c.c. unit which is discontinued. It has a five-bearing crankshaft and Ford of Dagenham become the first British manufacturers to offer this refinement

One of the Ford Consul Classics with the new 1½-litre engine and gear-box

—giving a smoother performance and longer life—in a 4-cylinder production engine. The new oversquare engine develops 59½ b.h.p. at 4,600 r.p.m., gives a top speed of well over 80 m.p.h. and takes the car to 60 m.p.h. from a standstill in 21 seconds. Ford claim that the touring fuel consumption is about 30 m.p.g.

Prices of these re-engined and much livelier Dagenham models remain unchanged. They range from £723, including tax, for the cheapest two-door Classics to £863 for the Capri. With the new engine comes a new gear-box with synchromesh on all four gears and greased-for-life joints on the steering and suspension. Mr. John Read, Ford's director of sales, told me: "The Classic has become one of Britain's best export cars. The Capri has also been outstandingly successful and we have had to double our original production figures to meet demand."

Refinements are also announced to the Austin Healey 3000, one of the world's best-selling sports cars. It now has wind-up side windows, swivelling quarter lights and a new quick-action hood which can easily be put up and down by one person. A new wrap-around windscreen with bright stainless steel surround gives this 115 m.p.h. car better aerodynamics and a sleeker appearance. Stiffer coil springs have been fitted at the front to give better high-speed stability and road-holding. A new short gear-lever mounted centrally replaces the previous gear-shift. Price of the new Healey is £1,190, including tax, compared with £1,141 for the old model.

The simple truth behind the recent petrol price cuts is that the big oil companies are getting worried by the success of the cut-price petrol organisations, especially Jet Petroleum, which since late 1959 has created 450 outlets.

When Esso (which claims one-third of the entire U.K. petrol market) suddenly reduced the price of its regular or commercial grade by a penny to an inner-zone figure of 4s. 4d. a gallon and its mixture by ¾d. to 4s. 7d. a gallon, it took the other big oil companies by surprise and proved that the oil industry does not operate a tightly-controlled price ring as is generally supposed. All the other companies followed the Esso move. For, like Esso, they were getting more worried by the falling sales of regular grade petrol than by the refusal of British motorists to get excited about 100-octane super grades.

According to the Petroleum Information Bureau, Britain's petrol sales are made up like this: 100 octane, 13·4 per cent.; premium, 56·8 per cent.; regular, 29·8 per cent. The price reductions will mainly benefit the users of vans and the older, low-compression cars, and motorists are disappointed that a corresponding cut was not made in the price of the popular premium grades. Many are doubtless experimenting with the "mixtures" (part regular, part premium) now offered at 4s. 7d. a gallon by Esso and Petrofina, who both say they have improved the quality of the petrol as well as lowering its price.

If the octane rating of these cheaper "mixtures" has, in fact, been raised sufficiently to prevent pinking in engines with high compression ratios, many motorists will switch to this fuel from the 4s. 10½d.-a-gallon premium grades and so save over a shilling every time they put four gallons in the tank.

As expected, of course, Jet countered the price cuts of the big oil companies by knocking a penny a gallon off their lowest, 93-octane grade which they claim is comparable to the Esso and Petrofina "mixtures" and which now costs 4s. 2d. a gallon. It would not surprise the motor trade if the other big oil companies introduced a "mixture" grade.

Briefly. . . . A development plan for Basingstoke, Hants, provides for a 15-acre pedestrians-only shopping centre built on a platform spanning the valley between the present town centre and the railway station. . . . Racing drivers and other personalities in motor sport are among the customers of McAlpine Aviation who have established at Luton Airport a service station for private flyers in a new £100,000 hangar. . . . Nearly 1,000,000 passengers (991,935, to be precise) passed through Dover Harbour during the first half of 1962—an increase of 13½ per cent. The number of accompanied cars handled rose by nearly 19 per cent. . . .

The Transport Minister has tentatively fixed the route of a further 21 miles of the Durham motorway between Aycliffe and Chester-le-Street, and work is to start immediately on a £1,025,500, three-mile-long bypass at Horsham, Sussex.

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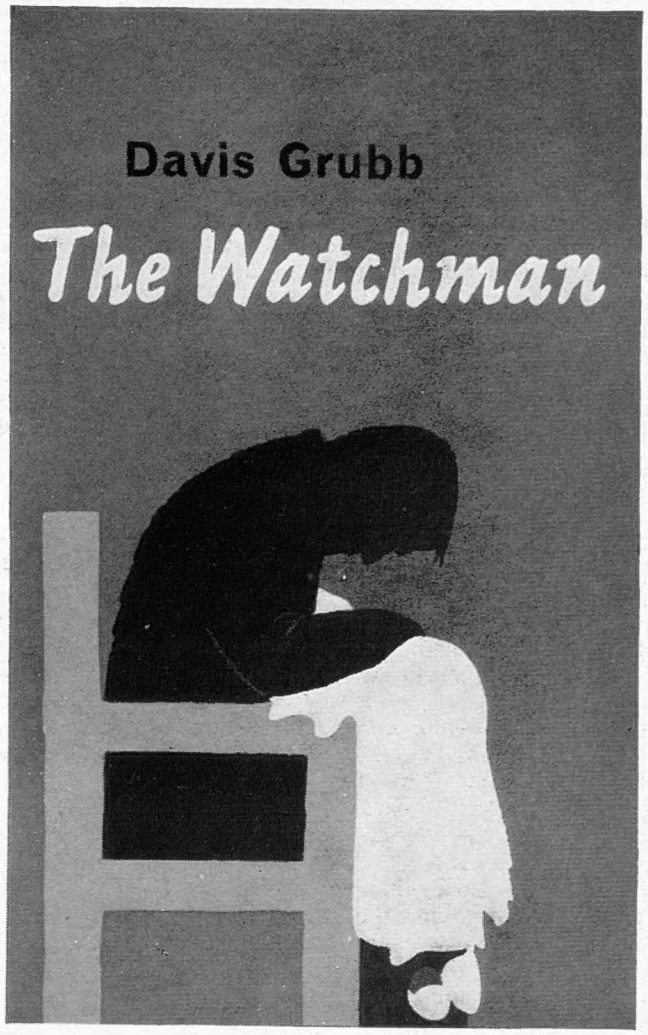

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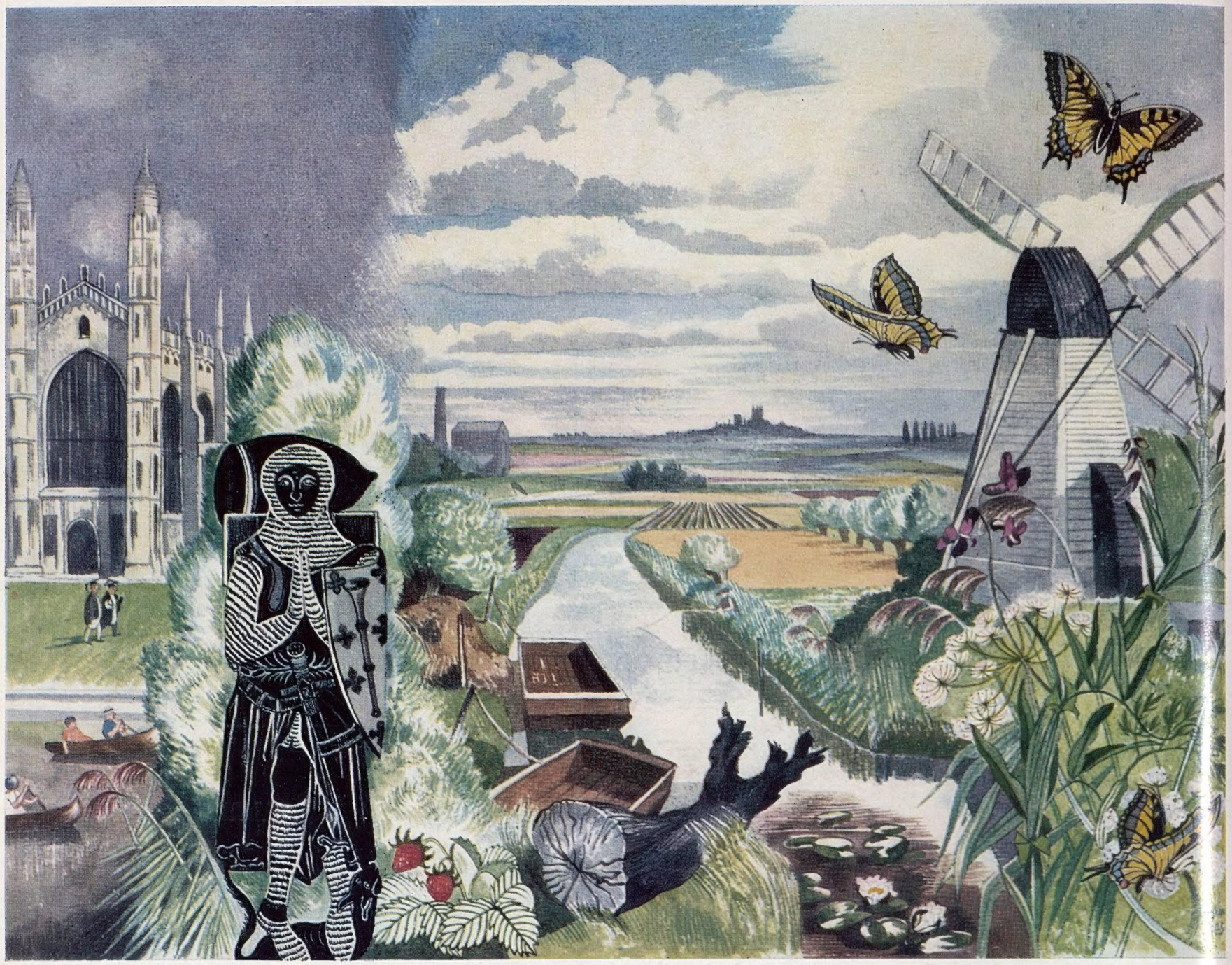
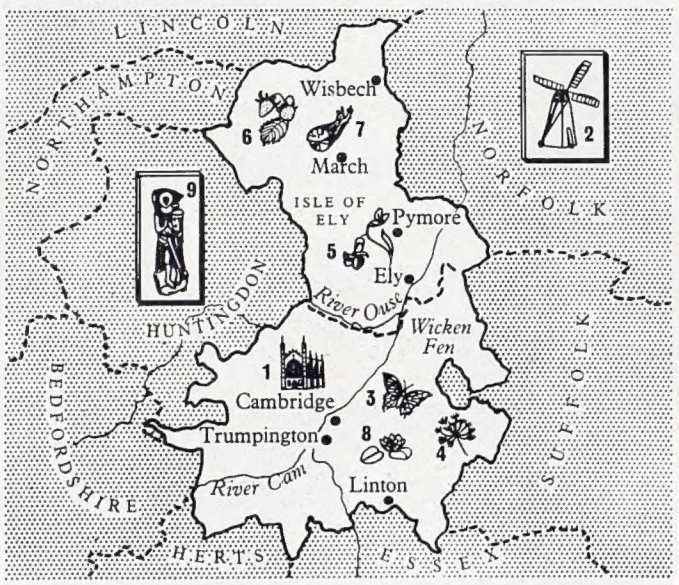


Painted by John Nash

Shell guide to CAMBRIDGESHIRE



A county which contains Ely Cathedral, King's College Chapel (1) and the city of Cambridge, the Fens and Swallowtail butterflies, must be numbered among the most remarkable of all counties in Britain; and if huge skies and a flat or else flattish landscape are not everybody's taste, here you feel you are seeing all of the sky and all the world's surface at a glance. Dykes and the pumps of windmill (2) and beam engine have turned the Fens into the richest land. A plaque on the 1830 engine-house at Pymore says:

These fens have oft times been by water drowned.
Science a remedy in water found.
The power of steam, she said, shall be employed:
The destroyer by itself shall be destroyed.

The 680 acres of Wicken Fen, a nature reserve maintained as much as possible in its original state, are the home of the Swallowtails (3), whose food plant, "Carrot" to the Fenman, is the tall Milk Parsley (4), which exudes a white sap. The Marsh Pea (5) is another rare plant of Fenland, and of Wicken. In the foreground are not only the Fenland farmer's strawberries (6), but one of the ancient bog oaks (7) of a dry prehistoric era which he has to remove from his black earth. Reeds, punts and water lilies (8) on a long dyke or lode, and pollard willows complete the picture – together with undergraduates, and the famous brass (9) of Sir Roger de Trumpington, set in Trumpington church in 1289, the second oldest brass in England.

"The Shell Country Book" is an encyclopaedia of country things, a companion for every car excursion. Finely produced, nearly 400 pages, 40 colour plates, it's astonishing value for 1 guinea. Published by Phoenix House Ltd.

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